POLICE · BUDGET · EDITION

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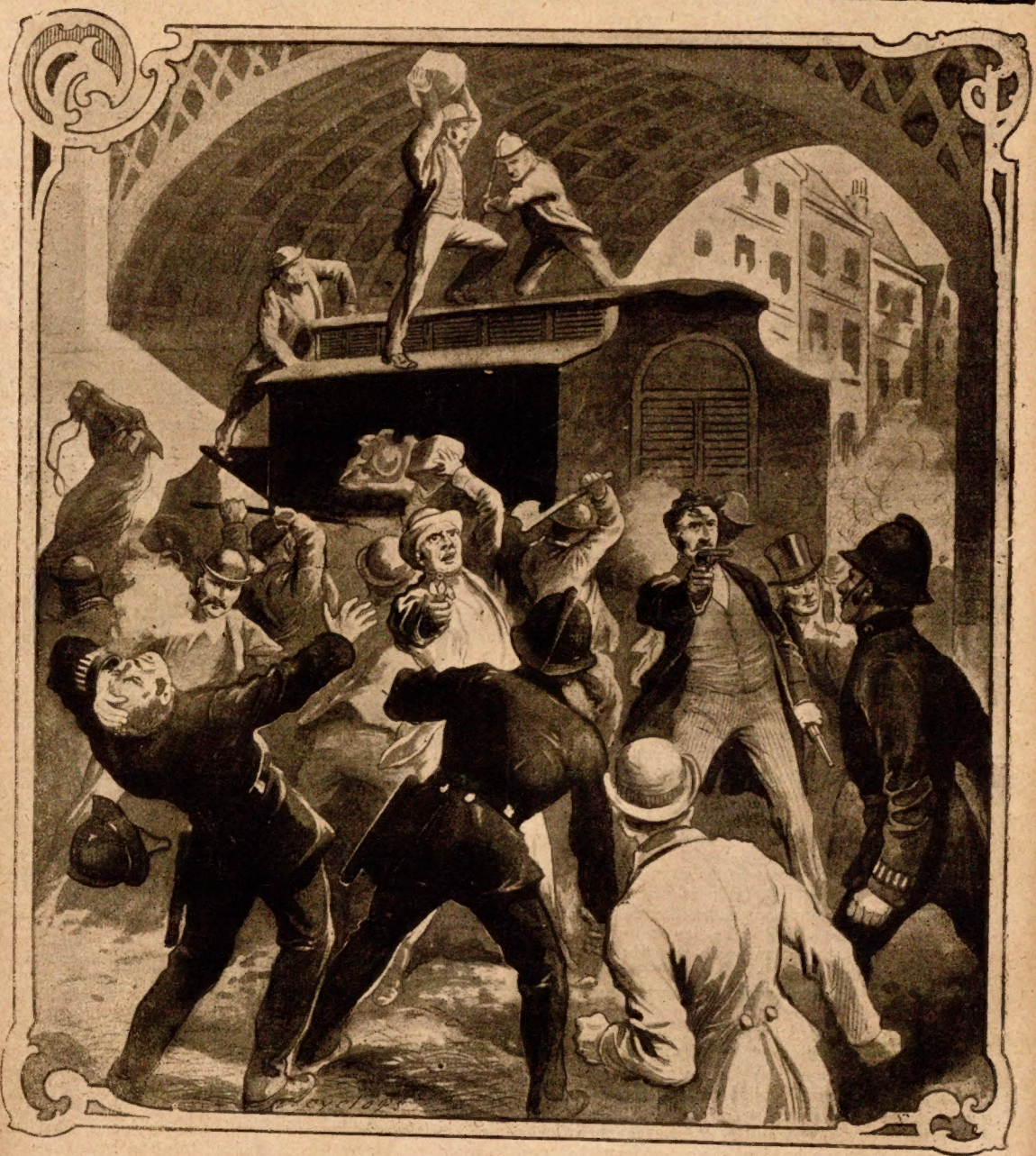
FAMOUS CRIMES

PAST AND PRESENT

ONE · PENNY



THE ATTACK ON THE PRISON VAN.

(See the thrilling story of the "Manchester Martyrs.")

Vol. VI.—No. 67.

The Manchester "MARTYRS."

"Be not as a tyrant or slave,
England; be not as these,
Thou that wert other than they,
Stretch out thine hand but to save;
Put forth thy strength, and release
Lest there arise, if thou slay,
Thy shame, as a ghost from the grave."
—A. C. SWINBURNE.

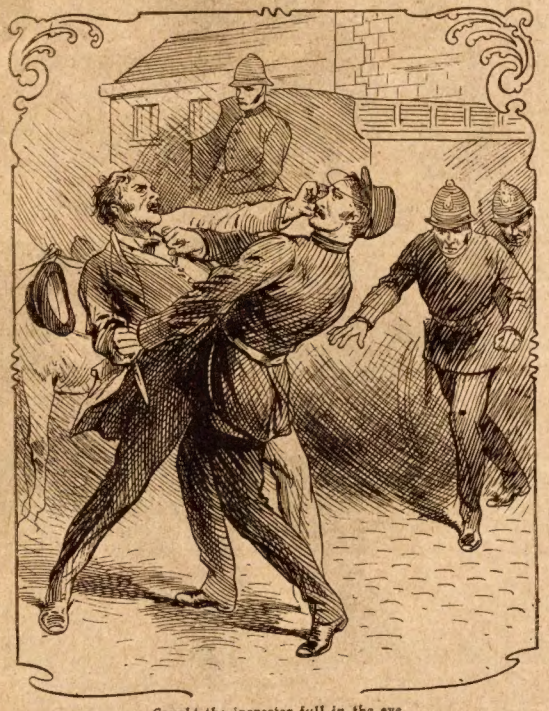
IF an earthquake had shaken the solid crust on which Manchester stood in 1867, as it stands to-day, and half its population had stumbled and reeled under the terrestrial disturbance, the city could not have been the scene of a more universal uproar than that by which it was convulsed in September of that year. In their drowsy and commercial way, the citizens had listened month after month to the story of Fenian disturbances with an exceedingly languid interest, generated a good deal, perhaps, by their remoteness and apparently unpractical character. But it had become near enough now, and with amazing suddenness.

The tragic circumstances about to be related arose out of a simple incident. Two strangers, who gave their names as John White and Martin Williams, appeared in the dock of the City of Manchester Police Court on Wednesday, September 11, 1867, to answer a charge of "loitering." Police-sergeant Brears observed the men at about four o'clock in the morning peregrinating in and about Oak Street and Swan Street, and their manner excited the suspicion of the officer. He, therefore, asked them what they were doing there, upon which White quickly placed his hand behind him, as if concealing something, which proved to be a revolver, loaded with ball. A similar weapon, also loaded, was found upon Williams. In reply to questions as to what account they could give of themselves, Williams made no reply, but White said he always carried such things with him. The evidence was of a meagre character, and the two prisoners, who affirmed that they were recently arrived from America, and that they had come over for pleasure, were remanded for inquiries. It was little dreamt of at the time what the issue was to be.

Although at first the paragraphs in the local papers regarded the affair as a very ordinary matter, the astute myrmidons of the law soon scented the possibilities of promotion in the case which had fallen in their way, and events proved that their supposition was wholly justified, for Williams was found to be the great "Colonel Kelly," of the Fenian Brotherhood, while White was no other than "Captain Deasy." Upon this information being conveyed to the magistrates, the case was further remanded, and the first stage of a historical trial had been reached.

Colonel Kelly was an Irish-American, a man of great talent, who had had considerable military experience, having held commands of importance in the United States. He was the trusted friend and adviser of Stephens when that person was at the head of the movement; but perhaps the head-centre himself had not more influence among the brotherhood, or stood higher in the confidence of his disaffected countrymen than did Kelly. They had unlimited faith in his integrity; they relied on his military skill for the planning of the expeditions that were to be undertaken; and he was consulted in all matters of importance connected with every campaign. Not only was he the chief adviser, but he was looked upon as the principal fighting man of the brotherhood, and was known among the Fenians by the title of "Kelly, the Soldier."

When Stephens was busy in Dublin, perfecting the plans of his organisation, Kelly was his right-hand man. Stephens was arrested whilst in the midst of his work, but Kelly succeeded in eluding both spies and detectives. He did not leave Ireland, although a price was set upon his head, and it was impossible for him to move about without running the risk of detection. His friend, Stephens, was in prison, and he determined to effect his release.



Caught the inspector full in the eye.

The wonderful manner in which Stephens escaped from Richmond Gaol has always been a matter of notoriety, and it was well known that the escape was planned

and carried out with much daring by Kelly. Stephens and Kelly left England together. They remained together in Paris for a short time, when Kelly left for America, but returned again, and took up his quarters in the French capital. To his credit and diplomacy, it must be said that he opposed the rising which had just been effected in Ireland, and the grounds on which he so acted are creditable to his sagacity and humanity. It was urged by him that the people were not sufficiently prepared and armed to carry out an insurrectionary movement, that the arrangements of the Government were so complete that they could then crush the rebellion at a single blow, and that a rising at that time would lead to bloodshed and misery, without in any way furthering the cause of the Fenians. This counsel did not prevail. The rising took place, and what deplorable consequences followed are too well known to require recapitulation. But many of the brotherhood, instead of being grateful to Kelly for the advice he had tendered, accused him of

SHOUTED TO THE DRIVER TO STOP.

treachery, and the organs of the Fenians teemed with correspondence, impugning and defending his faithfulness to the cause.

For some time Kelly had been lost sight of, and the authorities concluded he had become disgusted with the bickerings and differences that had taken place among the brotherhood, and that he had retired. But he turned up again, and was discovered in a most extraordinary manner.

After the remand, to which reference has already been made, there was a great stir and bustle in and about the precincts of the court, and a considerable force of police was told off to keep the way clear for the van. Meanwhile, the attention of Superintendent Gee had been called to two men of soldierly appearance, who had been seen lounging about all the morning. He saw that they observed him, and, from their suspicious manner—they were humming Fenian airs—he informed Inspector Garner that he thought they ought to be arrested. The inspector and a constable went forthwith to carry out the suggestion. One of them made off and escaped. The other, a tall, powerful man, made a desperate resistance. He drew from his breast a long-handled, loose-springed knife, which, on the blade being thrown forward, became a formidable dagger, the spring tightening with a click. Inspector Garner seized his prisoner by the wrist, and while he was in the act of wrenching the weapon out of his right hand, the fellow aimed a fearful blow with his left, which caught the inspector full in the eye. Some more constables came upon the scene, and completed the capture. The man was searched and handcuffed. A few minutes afterwards the prisoners, including the "Colonel" and the "Captain," were marched between a double row of constables to the steps of the van. A murmur rose from the crowd as the prisoners were placed inside the vehicle.

The prison van then proceeded through the city in the direction of the gaol. The vehicle was divided into separate compartments, each intended for a prisoner. The two Fenians, with several women and young boys, were the occupants of the van, which was accompanied by eleven policemen—seven besides the driver upon it, and four following in a cab behind. Among the officers within was Sergeant Brett, whose name is mentioned specifically for a reason which will soon become apparent.

With the exception of Brett, who was armed with a cutlass, none of the police were possessed of anything besides the ordinary truncheon. The van proceeded quietly until it arrived at the railway arch, on the Hyde Road. The officers in front, when they got to the arch, noticed a crowd of men, consisting of about fifty or sixty persons, the majority of whom were armed with revolvers. This crowd was composed of men, dressed, some in cloth and some in fustian, but there were not many in the garb of working men; the majority seemed better dressed. They appeared to be acting in concert, and one man, named William O'Meara Allen, who was known to be a Fenian, appeared to be acting as the leader.

The moment the van approached the arch Allen shouted to the driver to stop. This was followed immediately by a volley of pistol-shots. One of the policemen in the rear called to the driver to drive on. Simultaneously, however, the Fenians in front fired at the near

horse, and shot it through the neck, and the driver was knocked off his box with a large stone. A moment afterwards the other horse was shot. Several of the other officers narrowly escaped being shot, and only saved themselves by ducking their heads as they were aimed at.

The progress of the van was of course effectually pre-

Called upon to be in readiness.

vented, and the mob set to work to liberate the occupants. About twenty of the assailants formed a cordon round the van, and kept the police at bay. Several bystanders joined with the police, and made a rush; but, as they were unarmed, they could do nothing against a score of desperate men with loaded pistols. In the meantime, the remainder of the gang had attacked the van, and were trying to open it. They were armed with hatchets, hammers, and stones, with which they tried to force an entrance. The van, which was a very strong one, appeared to resist their efforts, till at last a party of the men managed to haul a very large stone upon the roof, where they began to use it with great execution. They had soon pounded the top of the van into chips. The door was by this time nearly forced open, when the leader, who had a pistol in each hand, put one to the lock, fired it, and burst the door open.

The gradually increasing crowd of spectators had, in the meantime, made several rushes, but were easily defeated by the occasional firing of pistol-shots. Some of the pistols, it was discovered, were not loaded with ball, for several times, when they were fired point-blank, no effect followed the report.

One of the bystanders, however, was shot through the ankle, and a policeman, who was in a cab, and who came up to assist the others, received a shot in the back which did no more than graze the skin. The leader, Allen, was seen to fire five shots at the van before it was burst open.

When the party at the door had forced an entrance. Allen called to the prisoners to come out. They were, of course, locked up in their separate compartments. The leader then asked Brett for the keys, but he replied, "I cannot; I must do my duty." Whereupon Allen fired. Brett was shot in the head, the ball entering at the eye and coming out near the top of the hat. The sergeant staggered out of the van as soon as Allen had possessed himself of the keys. The release of the two Fenians was then proceeded with, and the whole party decamped across the fields in the direction of the Ashton Road. Besides the two Fenians, four of the female prisoners, whose compartments had been unlocked, also made their exit, and welcomed the sweets of liberty which had so unexpectedly fallen in their way.

Allen was seen going along in the company of Kelly, and he was heard by the bystanders to say, "Kelly, I will die for you!" Some young men in the crowd, in the employment of a local manufacturing firm, gave chase. Allen, with others, continued their flight over the fields. At Ashton Road a police-constable joined the chase, and captured one of the party, named Michael Larkin, of Eliza Street, City Road, Hulme. Another young man, named Hunter, of Pendlebury, ran down Allen, and laid hold of him. He resisted violently, and threatened to shoot his pursuer with his revolver. Hunter, however, who was a powerful young fellow, closed with him, wrested the pistol from him, and with it struck him several blows in the head, causing a very ugly wound.

Other assistance then came up, and the two persons named, with a third, who was afterwards captured, were taken to Fairfield Street Station. Thus a bold attempt, conducted with a daring and intrepidity that could scarcely be matched, was brought, in a comparatively brief period, to an ignominious failure, which added very materially to the charges now to be answered by Allen and his fellow-captive, Larkin.

Meanwhile, Kelly and Deasy were at large, and immediately on receipt of the intelligence of the escape in town, the mayor and several of the city council, with the heads of the police department, assembled together, and consulted as to what steps were to be immediately taken for the recapture of the prisoners. A telegram was despatched to the Home Office, and the cavalry regiment in Hulme Barracks was called upon to be in readiness to

The country was scoured in all directions.

defend any of the police stations if they were attacked. The Home Office at once offered a reward of £300 for the recapture of Kelly and Deasy, and the Corporation also offered £200 for the capture of those who took part in the rescue.

The country was scoured in all directions during the night, and before eleven o'clock twelve to fifteen arrests had been reported from different places in the neighbourhood. The last that had been seen of Kelly and Deasy was near Clayton Bridge. They were noticed by some brickmakers to go into a cottage, they then being in handcuffs. When they came out their hands were free. Two of the men arrested, named Martin and Gould, were conveyed in the first instance to the City Gaol, where they were so violent that it became necessary to put leg-irons as well as handcuffs on them. Then, heavily chained and guarded by a military escort, they were taken in a cab to the station of the division.

A formal magisterial examination was opened at the Court House in Bridge Street, on September 19, when a large number of persons were brought before the Bench on the charge of the murder of Sergeant Brett and riot and murder and rescuing prisoners. There was the in-

HUSSARS WITH DRAWN SABRES RODE BY THE SIDE.

evitable remand, and the prisoners were again taken to the City Gaol.

The authorities had taken ample precaution to secure the safe custody of the accused. In addition to an escort of infantry, the magistrates had secured the assistance of three troops of the 8th Hussars, who were under the command of the major of the regiment. The appearance of Bridge Street at the time the prisoners were removed was of the most exciting description. From the Court House to Deansgate was one dense mass of spectators, a great number of whom were Irish. No person moving among these people could fail to be struck with the popular sympathy expressed for the prisoners. It was said by an experienced police-officer that the number of Fenians in the crowd was more than had ever been assembled together in Manchester before. The procession to the City Gaol was a very imposing one. A small body of Hussars formed an advance guard, and about forty troopers followed them, with sabres drawn and carbines loaded. Next came an omnibus filled with infantry, who were in readiness to act at a moment's notice. Then came a police van, containing a number of prisoners, and about a dozen police officers on the roof. Hussars, with drawn sabres, rode by the sides of the van, and a body of twenty followed. Another police van succeeded, another omnibus loaded with infantry, and about eighty Hussars brought up the rear. The mayor and other magistrates were in attendance in carriages, to give the necessary orders to the troops should they be required. There never was such a grotesque procession! It would have completed the attraction to a Lord Mayor's pageant, or it might have added to the interest in a Drury Lane pantomime.

We cannot follow in detail all that transpired in the preliminaries; but must at once take up the threads of the narrative as they presented themselves at the Special Commission appointed to be held at the Manchester Assize Court, on October 26, 1867. Mr. Justice Mellor and Mr. Justice Blackburn were on the Bench. Twenty-six prisoners were arraigned, who were separated into batches under various indictments. The first of these—Allen, Larkin, Gould, Maguire, and Shore—were first brought up on the graver charge, namely, the murder of Sergeant Brett.

The trial lasted five days, a very large number of witnesses giving evidence. Allen, Gould, and Shore were ably defended by Mr. Seymour, who severely handled several witnesses whose testimony did not ring of the true metal. The learned counsel left no stone unturned in the way of forensic skill in favour of his clients. The judge's summing-up followed, in astonishingly brief terms; after which the jury retired, returning in little more than an hour with the verdict which has proved the death-knell in the hearing of many an unhappy human being.

The verdict in this case, however, was received in a far different spirit, for the prisoners, to a man, received their sentence bravely, and asserted that they were willing to die for the glory of the land of their nativity and the emancipation of a down-trodden and crushed race, whose liberty could never be destroyed.

Allen addressed the court at some length. He affirmed that he was as innocent of the murder as any man in the court. He did not say that for the sake of mercy. He would have no mercy; he would die in defence of his

country, in defence of Republican principles, and on behalf of an enslaved people. He complained that justice had not been done him, and after repeating his adherence to Republican principles, he stated that he felt the righteousness of every act he had committed. Larkin followed in a similar strain, adding that he went to the scene of the tragedy for the purpose of doing what was in his power to rescue the two heroes, Kelly and Deasy. Gould delivered a long speech on the wrongs of Ireland, concluding by declaring his pride in being about to die on the scaffold in defence of his Fenian proclivities. Shore expressed the conviction that had he not been an Irishman, he would never have been arrested. He was not afraid to die, and he expressed a hope that the craving for blood would be satisfied by their death. He had nothing to regret, and his last hope was that God would save "Ould Ireland."

"There were no heroes were there no martyrs!"

The case of Maguire elicited a considerable amount of controversy. The Press particularly favoured the proposition that there was not sufficient evidence to justify the man's condemnation, and a numerously-signed petition was addressed to the Home Secretary on the subject. The circumstances were fully investigated at the Home Office at the desire of the learned judges and the Attorney-General, with the result that Thomas Maguire was released with an unconditional pardon.

Every effort was made by political associations in favour of a commutation of the capital sentence in the cases of Allen, Gould, Larkin, and Shore, and the "Law Journal" went even so far as to accept a rumour in well-informed quarters that the clemency of the Crown would be extended to the convicts. However advanced negotiations in the matter may have been, it is pretty evident that the indiscreet action of a Mr. Finlen, at the head of a deputation, in forcing his way, with his followers, into the Home Office, in defiance of the Home Secretary's refusal to receive them, must have operated very detrimentally to the prospects of a favourable issue.

Less confident of the reversal of the sentence, the Catholic clergy in Manchester, in addition to their faithful ministrations to the condemned man, very discreetly recommended from the pulpit that the members of their faith among the poorer classes of Irish should keep away from the scene of the execution on the ensuing Saturday. Masses for the condemned men—all of whom were Catholics—were said every day in the preceding week in St. John's Cathedral, and were repeated up to the fatal day, and in several of the Catholic churches of the city special services were held at eight o'clock on Saturday morning, the time appointed for the execution.

The tragic final scene was enacted on the morning mentioned at the New Bailey Prison, Salford. The men who suffered were William O'Meara Allen (or, as he called himself, William Philip Allen), Michael Larkin, and William Gould, alias Michael O'Brien; Shore, like Maguire, having been released.

At a few minutes to eight o'clock the excitement became very intense, and when the prison bell struck the hour a dead stillness came over the assembled throng of spectators. In a few minutes the door behind the scaffold opened, and a warder came forward, closely followed by Allen and Canon Cantwell. The condemned man was exceedingly pale, and looked round upon the crowd with a quick, anxious gaze. His hands were convulsively clutched together, holding a small wooden crucifix. Calcraft followed through the door, and took hold of Allen's arm, leading him under the beam towards the noose. The executioner then adjusted the cap, and placed the noose around the unfortunate man's neck. Larkin was the next to appear, and on seeing Allen ready to be launched into eternity, he stepped up to him, whispered something in his ear, inaudible to those around him, and shook him by the hand. Calcraft then brought Gould forward, and Larkin stepped back under the door. On being placed under the middle of the beam, Gould turned round towards Allen, shook him by the hands, and kissed the cap over the man's forehead. The leave-taking was the most ghastly one could possibly conceive; but in such an hour of anguish such leave-takings might serve to give better consolation than others of a less fantastic character.

The preparations having been completed, the executioner stooped down and disappeared from the view of the crowd, who, in solemn stillness, only broken by the murmurs of those who were unable to see from some distance away, looked on upon the scaffold without stirring. Larkin at this moment fainted completely away, and fell in a dead swoon against Gould, with the rope tightened round his neck. The warder who was standing at his side, and whose presence of mind undoubtedly served to prevent a scene, instantly caught hold of him and lifted him upon his feet. Larkin, still apparently unconscious, fell forward, and partly supported by the gaoler, and, as it seemed, leaning on the front screen of the scaffold, he remained in that position, while the other prisoners stood firm. Then the bolt was withdrawn, and—

"Even the stern stood chilled with awe,
Dark was the crime and just the law;
Yet all shuddered as they saw."

For several seconds the ropes on which Gould's and Larkin's bodies were attached swayed backwards and forwards, betokening the fact that both men had struggled somewhat violently. Allen apparently died very easily.

Novel Plea.

A Frenchman, being arraigned for a capital crime in 1821, pleaded in his defence that, having been born at the commencement of the Revolution, he had imbibed all its principle, and had never been able to discriminate between good and evil. The court disregarded the plea: the man was convicted, and sentenced to six years' imprisonment

Pity the Poor Client!

Two barristers—both well known on the Northern Circuit—were once engaged in the pleasurable occupation of "blowing one's own trumpet." Each claimed to have lost a remarkably small proportion of cases, and at length Mr. A. exclaimed excitedly:

"Well, my dear B., I can say this: very, very few clients of mine get transported."

"Quite so, quite so, my dear A.," returned the undaunted B., as he indulged in a pinch of snuff; "Most of them get hanged."

They did not speak to one another for quite a long time after this little passage of arms.

The Forged Cheque.

Many years ago a Jew was sentenced to death for forging the name of a wealthy merchant to a cheque for fifty pounds.

On the morning of his execution he displayed great emotion and had all the appearance of a true penitent. He wept copiously and with such apparent earnestness that he enlisted the sympathies of his gaolers, one of whom remarked: "Cheer up, Ike! It's a painless death. Don't cry about it."

The convict smiled through his tears. "I'm not crying because I'm going to suffer," he said. "I'm a-crying because I ought to have made it five hundred pounds while I was about it."

And he refused to be comforted.

An Action for Breach!

"My client," said the fluent counsel for the fair plaintiff in his address to the jury, "is a deeply-wronged woman. This libertine has ruined her life, destroyed her peace of mind, and alienated her natural affections. But she does not seek pecuniary solace. No; she scorns it!"

The astute judge turned to the jury and remarked in an audible aside, "The plaintiff, gentlemen, declines damages."

Thereupon the lady's counsel said hurriedly, "But she asks for justice, gentlemen, and she demands that the heartless defendant be made to suffer for the wrong he has done in his most vulnerable pocket—his breeches' pocket."

The court laughed at this change of front, and the damages were returned at £5!

A GUILTY LOVE.

The Crime of LUCY PARKER, who killed herself when attempting murder.

"Oh, misery!
To think of what I was and what I am!"
—W. PHILIPS, "Agnes."

SINCE the dark, unchronicled dawn of this old world love and lust have played havoc with the human emotions, have given half the colour and splendour to man's historic annals, and have in joint and separate endeavours evolved strange, beautiful, and dreadful shapes from the clay of man's being. Love and lust have provided the compelling agencies which have hounded man and woman into great infamies and vital sacrifice—have, in short, tortured the human heart out of its supine tranquillity, terrorised it into action, and filled heaven with songs and hell with souls.

We are all of us to some extent connoisseurs of emotions, perhaps because we ourselves are all equally prey to the emotional forces, and three-fourths of our literature consists of the portrayal and unravelment of those tangles in which love and lust have immeshed a number of human puppets. The stranger, the more complex the tangle, the greater the interest aroused in the reader and the wider the popularity of the book. If any exemplification of this statement is needed, we refer our readers to any dozen popular novels or poems that may strike the fancy; meanwhile, we propose to set before the emotional epicure a very pretty tragedy, somewhat unusual in its incidents and qualities, in which love and lust will be seen to excellent advantage in the hearts of two people whom ties of kinship should have exempted from the bliss and pains of passion.

At the beginning of the last century there lived in Leominster a worthy couple of the name of Grange. Mr. Grange was by profession a bookbinder and engraver, in which business he was decidedly successful. At the age of thirty he met Miss Emily Watkins, a Bristol merchant's daughter, and on August 14, 1790, they were married. The next year, 1791, a daughter was born to the young people.

This child thrived and grew into a strong and beautiful girl, but there came no addition to the Grange family in the shape of brother and sister. For twenty years the Granges were happy with an only daughter, and all expectations of further increase in the family had long ago been banished, when, after a lapse of twenty years, another child was born in the spring of 1810.

This also was a girl, and was named Lucy at the wish of her twenty-year-old sister.

Nine months afterwards, when Lucy was still querulous with new teeth and other cradle troubles, sister Mildred confessed her love for a Mr. Ralph Powell, and soon after married him. In 1821, when Lucy was eleven years old, Mildred Powell gave birth to a son, named William, and as she and her husband were in none too advantageous a position, little Lucy played the part of nurse to the baby. At the age of fifteen she was very proficient in the arts of the nursery, and it was a common sight in the streets of Leominster to see the beautiful, dark-haired girl directing the infantine attempts at pedestrianism of her little nephew. She was passionately fond of the boy, and showed her devotion in a thousand little acts of care and kindness. William saw more of her than of his mother, reciprocated her ardent affection, and loved rather to be strained to her passionate young bosom and smothered with her burning kisses than to submit to the more temperate ardour of maternal caresses.

Wherever Lucy went the child would go; he cried if removed from her presence, and was never wholly happy unless in the company of his "little auntie," as he called her. There was something strange and wild about the love Lucy dissipated on the boy, the savage fervour with which she devoured his young lips, and the hungry strength with which she clasped him to her bosom suggested the primitive passion of the animal rather than the tame, motherly affection dictated by civilisation.

After a time William was sent away to school, "a select seminary for the sons of gentlemen," as the prospectus said, and then he only saw his beloved Lucy twice in the year, in his summer and winter vacations.

On these occasions he would rush to her, and, from the day he left school to the conclusion of his holidays, never left her for an hour. This inordinate love was the subject of amused comment on the part of William's parents, who frequently said that "Lucy was more of a mother to him than an aunt."

As the boy grew in age, however, he saw less and less of Lucy. His parents designed him primarily for an usher at the school in which he was now a pupil, and he therefore was enjoined to make himself as proficient as possible in the several sciences, so that a great deal of his holiday time was spent in the company of one of the under-masters, who hurried him towards the intellectual goal he was expected to reach.

But whilst he was away matters of interest were proceeding at Leominster. Mildred Powell's husband died on a visit to France. His widow was left with a small annuity upon which to support her sister Lucy as well as her son, for Mr. Grange, the father of the two women, had long since ceased to inhabit this terrestrial sphere.

Mildred Powell wrote a long letter to William, informing him of his father's death, and stating that there was no possible need for his return home, "as it was now more important than ever that he made a position for himself."

Mrs. Powell and Lucy lived for some time in a small cottage, having few friends and little interest in life. The burden of this tame existence was almost insupportable to wild-hearted Lucy, who hungered for excitement.

One day when alone with her elder sister, whom she regarded more in the light of a mother, she confessed her unhappiness. She was sitting on a hassock by the fire, watching the kettle singing on the "hob."

"Mildred, do you feel happy?" she asked, clasping and unclasping her long, white hands over her knees.

"Yes, Lucy dear; as happy as a widow can feel."

"I feel wretched!"

The elder woman put down her needlework.

"Wretched! You, Lucy?"

"Yes. There, it's out now. I can't help it, but I feel utterly miserable."

"But why? Surely you are comfortable with me?"

"Comfortable! Oh, yes; as comfortable as possible. But what is that? I want to be something or do something. I don't know what it is, but, oh, my heart feels so empty!"

She hid her face in her hands and wept. Her motherly sister came forward and put her arms round her.

"Dear Lucy, you must not cry. Someone will fall in love with you soon, and then all will be changed."

Lucy did not blush or simper, as all proper young ladies of the early nineteenth century would have done. She leapt to her feet, with the tears still wet upon her warm, flushed cheeks.

"Yes, sister, that is it!" she cried. "Love! I want love! I was made for it! I shall never be happy until I find it!"

The decorous sense of Mrs. Powell was somewhat shocked at this frank avowal. She said no more on the subject, but just called for tea and candles, and returned to her unfinished cushion.

Soon after this incident news came from William to say that his studies had prospered far beyond his expectations, and that he had been appointed companion to a young man of family and fortune, who purposed travelling on the Continent. The salary offered was liberal, and he had accepted the post at once.

Before leaving England he paid a flying visit to Leominster to see his mother. Unfortunately, Lucy was away at the house of a distant relative in Bristol, so that the young man did not see his "dear little aunt."

"Give my love to Aunt Lucy," said he, as he was taking his departure. "Tell her I shall not forget her while away. I shall write and send her over something of interest from abroad."

When Lucy returned and found that "Nephew William" had been and gone in her absence, she was much distressed.

"I am so fond of Will," she said; "I would have given anything to have seen him again."

"He was very sorry not to see you," answered Mrs. Powell.

"Was he? The dear fellow! Tell me what sort of a man has he grown into?"

"Oh, fine."

The mother, nothing loth, launched into a full account of her son's manifold accomplishments, to all of which Lucy listened with eager interest.

About this time a new and important character appears in this little drama. Not far from where Mrs. Powell and her sister lived there stood a large, gloomy old house, standing in its own grounds. It was the property of a Mr. Roland Parker, a middle-aged man possessed of a considerable fortune, who was seldom seen in Leominster, but spent the greater part of his time in London. He was a man about the middle stature, of prosperous appearance, very staid and reserved in manner, and little liked by the gentry around because of his exclusiveness.

One day he happened to meet Lucy in the street. He generally took little or no notice of anyone he met, but this time was struck by the beauty and grace of the young woman, who was now nearly twenty-five. There was something sullen and disappointed in her demeanour, an air of conscious unhappiness which leant a piquant charm to her personality. Mr. Roland Parker was interested in spite of himself.

The next day he called on Mrs. Powell as a friend of her father.

"Did you never hear Mr. Grange speak of me, ma'am?" said he.

"Yes, Mr. Parker, several times. He did several commissions for you, I believe."

"Yes, yes; we were quite old friends. Had I not been in London at the time I should certainly have been at his funeral."

Roland Parker was very pointed in his attentions to Lucy, who could not herself understand the cause of this dilatory visit. He took tea with the ladies, and invited them the next day to dine at his house.

When he had gone, Mrs. Powell turned smiling to her sister and said:

"I congratulate you, my dear Lucy, on your conquest."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, my dear, it is perfectly obvious that Mr. Parker is in love with you. He was never very friendly with our father beyond certain business matters, and has never so much as deigned to acknowledge our existence before, although we have been living at his doors. Besides, did you not notice how he looked at you?"

Lucy blushed, and looked pleased.

Three months after Roland Parker's first visit to Mrs. Powell, it was officially announced in Leominster that he and Lucy were to be married. The night before the wedding the two sisters had a long talk.

"I am marrying," said Lucy, "without love."

"Don't talk so, my dear; it is most improper."

"I cannot help that, sister. I do not love Mr. Parker, and I never shall, but I will try and make him a good wife."

"Think of his immense fortune, my Lucy."

"Oh, I do! I shall be rich, if nothing else."

The next day came the ceremony, and much rejoicing. Roland Parker and his bride determined to settle at Leominster, and it was also arranged that Mrs. Powell should live with them.

Shortly after the marriage a letter came from William to his mother.

"I am surprised to hear of Lucy's wedding," he wrote, "and hope that she will be happy, dear girl that she is. I hope her husband is deserving of her, although this is hardly to be expected, for who deserves my dear little Aunt Lucy? I myself shall soon be with you. My friend and pupil returns home, and I purpose to settle in Leominster, and engage my time upon several literary projects which are in my mind."

"Oh, how delightful!" cried Lucy. "Dear Will is coming home!"

"I am indeed glad!" cried the mother.

"And I," assented Mr. Parker. "He must stay with us here."

"Yes, yes, Roland, that will be beautiful!"

"You have a very dutiful nephew, Lucy."

"Dutiful nephew! How funny that sounds, Roland! I have always thought of him as a brother."

A month after the receipt of this letter a post-chaise drew up outside the outer gates of Roland Parker's residence in Leominster. A tall, handsome young man leapt out, and rang the huge, clanging bell. Lights flashed in the windows of the house, and an old man-servant came rushing out to unbar the gates. All the family gathered together eagerly in the portico.

"Why, how fine you have grown, my son!" cried Mrs. Powell as she embraced William.

"Yes, mother; and you are as young as ever. And where's my little aunt?"

Blushing and trembling, Lucy came forward and kissed him on the cheek.

"This is your new uncle," said Mrs. Powell, introducing Mr. Parker.

She was passionately fond of the boy.

"Sir, I am very proud to make your acquaintance," said William, and took the outstretched hand.

And so William Powell came home amidst general rejoicings. What elements of disorder he carried with him in his person may be gauged from the following scene.

The drawing-room was quite dark. The fire glowed on the hearth, and the moon cast a stray beam through the window. Mr. Parker was in his study, and Mrs. Powell in bed with a chill. A woman was crouching near the fire, her face in her hands. She could be heard weeping. Presently the door opened and a man entered. It was William.

"No lights and nobody here," he said aloud. "Yes—why, it's Lucy."

The woman gave a start.

"Ah, is it you, Will? Shall I call for lights?"

"No; let us sit in the dark."

She laughed without any mirth, and began to twitch her shoulders uneasily. William drew up a chair to her side.

"Are you angry with me?" he said abruptly.

"Angry! Oh, how can you ask such a question?"

"Then why do you avoid me, Lucy?"

She was silent for a moment, and kept clasping and unclasping her hands.

"Have you noticed it?"

"Yes; why do you?"

"Perhaps it is better so."

"Better that we should not be together."

"Well—oh, William, why will you talk so? Let me ring for lights and have some music."

For answer he seized her trembling hands and drew her close to him. Her breath came and went in a spasm.

"I must talk to you, my Lucy. You must not avoid me. It is unkind."

"No, no; I am frightened!"

"Frightened of what?"

"Of myself."

"Lucy dearest, you talk strangely."

She began to sob, and struggled to disengage her hands.

Roland Parker thought the mutual affection of Lucy and her nephew betokened nothing more than what was ordinary and conventional. But at last he felt himself called upon to remonstrate. He discovered them one day in the garden, clasped in one another's arms.

"Lucy," said he when he was alone with his wife, "I wish to speak to you about a very unpleasant subject."

"Yes, Roland," she said, trying hard to hide the agitation his words caused in her bosom.

"Well, I think you are a little indiscreet in your conduct towards William."

"I do not understand you."

"Well, I will be plain. I object to your constantly kissing."

She flushed up to the roots of her hair.

"I MUST TALK TO YOU, LUCY!"

He held them tightly, and then suddenly, with a cry, half of joy, half of despair, she flung herself upon his bosom and buried her burning face against his breast. He held her close and kissed her on the lips.

"It is all over now," she cried. "We love! I love you—I confess it! Oh, God, into what crime have I been drawn?"

She lay thus for an hour clasped in his arms, weeping, yet strangely happy. What a tangle of hearts was here! What sorrow and what sin, and what fearful fate was presaged in that first hour of unlawful love!

Soon the condition of affairs became in some degree noticeable. Lucy and William were never happy unless in one another's company, planned secret meetings and appointments, and were reserved and abashed in the presence of others. Mrs. Powell was blind to all this for a long time.

"Are you mad, Roland? You forget he is my nephew."

"Nonsense! You know as well as I do that the circumstances are exceptional, and that there is not the difference in age between you that is usual with such relationships."

"I do not know what you suggest, Roland."

"I suggest nothing, Lucy; only that you are too guileless to recognise how easy it is to provoke the censure of the world."

Nothing more was said about the matter between Roland and his wife. Lucy took the first opportunity of informing William of what had passed between her and her husband.

"He suspects my love, I can see that."

"Well, he is at liberty to do so."

"Ah! what will be the end of all this?"

"We must leave that to the future."

"Sometimes, William, I think you are callous and do not care."

"What! You are growing in turn suspicious, are you, and suspect me now?"

"Oh, no! I never doubt your love. But we must be more careful in public."

Accordingly the unhappy lovers were in future more circumspect and distant in their demeanour to one another when in the presence of others, and Roland Parker's doubts and fears were stilled and temporarily dissolved. But this was merely the deceitful calm that prevails before the final storm.

Mr. Parker was called from home on business, important and urgent. Somehow or other he contrived to reach home again two days before he was expected. It was midnight when his chaise arrived at Leominster. He opened his gates and let himself into the house. All was dark, but he needed no lights to guide him up the familiar stairs. He reached the door of his bedroom, and then stopped. He heard something which detained him on the threshold. After a time he went downstairs again, wrote a letter, addressed it to his wife and left it on the table, and then he left the house.

Two days afterwards the enemies of the new railways had a fresh argument put into their hands. Mr. Roland Parker had been knocked down and killed by one of the novel steam fiends which were desolating the country with smoke and dirt, and which travelled at the terrorising speed of twenty miles an hour!

Lucy, although she had never felt any love for the man, was distraught with this terrible news. Poor man, he had been so kind and good to her, and, alas! she had never been able to give him in return the love he asked of her! She could not understand how it was that he was not at the time of the sad occurrence in London, because the business which had called him from home had necessitated his presence in the capital. William tried to console her as well as he could, representing to her the fact that now they were free to love and live together. After the lapse of some time, Lucy, called back to happiness by the love she felt for William, grew to look on the bright side of things, and started to make arrangements to leave England with William and live in France.

Then it was that the awful climax of the miserable affair fell with the force of an avalanche upon her and crushed all youth and joy and life out of her body.

The old man-servant was one day busying himself with the furniture in the dining-room, when in moving a cabinet from the wall he came upon a letter addressed to his mistress, in his late master's handwriting. Somewhat mystified, he took it up to Lucy.

"I found this, ma'am," said he, "behind the oak cabinet. It must have been put on top, and have dropped down somehow or other."

"What is it?" asked Lucy.

"It's a letter, addressed to you, ma'am."

"Do give it me at once."

She took the letter and glanced at the handwriting.

"Good God! why, this was from my husband! What does it mean?"

Very pale and trembling, she broke open the seal and read the contents. Her hands dropped lifelessly into her lap, her face turned an ashen grey, she sat still and silent for half an hour, like a woman turned into a statue.

Presently she broke down and wept bitterly, and then she dragged herself to the bell-rope and pulled it sharply.

"Send Mr. Powell to me at once," she said to the astonished servant.

William entered hurriedly.

"Why, what's the matter, my love?" he cried, as he bent down to kiss her.

With a cry she averted her face.

"Don't touch me! Don't come near me until you have heard this! You have much to explain."

"Are you mad?"

"Mad—worse than mad! I am loathsome and accursed to myself!"

"Lucy!"

"Listen! listen! This is a letter written to me by my husband before he killed himself."

"Good God! killed himself?"

"Yes, killed himself—for love of me!"

She swayed backwards and forwards, moaning like one in extreme pain; but she mastered her emotion, and taking up the letter, read in a harsh, cold monotone:

"My poor Wife,—This is the last you will ever hear from your unhappy husband. Unforeseen circumstances enabled me to return here to-night from London. I entered the house and walked up to our bedroom. I was stopped outside by the sound of voices. I heard William Powell say distinctly, 'To-night is the renewal of our love,' and then I heard the sound of kisses. I waited for no more. I cannot live with the knowledge of your dreadful sin. Alas! I love you still. I shall be dead before the morning. The steam engine is a useful invention in more ways than one. —Your loving and distracted husband, "ROLAND."

"What have you to say to that?" cried Lucy.

"Nothing."

William hung his head and remained silent. Lucy rose and began to pace the room.

"And it was not true. I never slept in that room that night. I was with my sister."

"Yes, he was mistaken."

Something in William's manner attracted her attention. A horrible suspicion rushed into her brain. She rang the bell again. The old man-servant appeared.

"You remember, John," said Lucy, with great calmness, "the night before the terrible news came about your master?"

"Yes, ma'am, perfectly."

"We had visitors, had we not? A Monsieur Labourtine and his daughter from France—friends of Mr. Powell—here?"

"Yes, ma'am. They came in the afternoon."

"Well, you remember I had raging toothache, and that I came down to you and said that I was going to bed with my sister, and asked you to arrange rooms for the visitors?"

"Yes, I remember perfectly, ma'am. I put the old gentleman in the red room, and, as you were sleeping with Mrs. Powell, ma'am, I put the young lady in the second best one, which was yours."

"Thank you, John," said Lucy. "You can go."

William Powell had sunk into a chair.

"Well, you know all now," he said, with a ghastly sneer.

"Know all! Ah, God! yes! I know you to be a libertine and a scoundrel. I know myself to be a breathing infamy. And, oh, a good man died for me!"

The woman seemed distraught with fury and despair. Her eyes protruded from their sockets, she had bitten her lips till the blood ran, and her face looked hollow and sunken.

"Fool! fool that I am!" she cried, with a wild laugh, "fool to have lost my soul for you—villain, reptile that you are! But you shall not triumph, you shall not live! I will kill you, stab you, wash my hands in your foul blood!"

She seized a long knife that lay on the table, and, raising it on high, rushed at William like a fury. He sent her reeling back with a staggering blow. She came on again, foam on her lips, madness in her eyes, stabbing at the air. Once more he struck her with all his strength, and, with a cry, she fell writhing to the ground. The knife fell under her, and was buried in her breast. Her screams of agony aroused the servants and Mrs. Powell, who came rushing into the room.

With a superhuman effort the dying woman staggered to her feet, the knife still sticking in her side, and then she threw up her arms and collapsed into a heap—dead!

William Powell was arrested on the charge of murder. This was, however, shortly afterwards altered into an indictment for manslaughter.

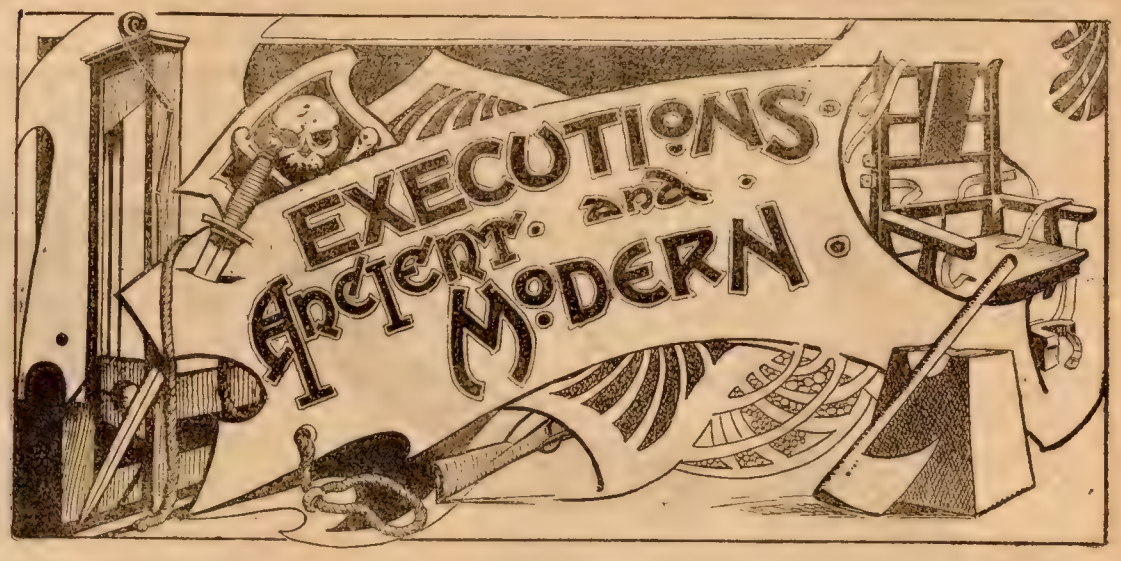
Of the latter charge he was found guilty, and sentenced to twelve months' hard labour. Of his doings subsequent to the expiration of his sentence we know little, and care less. Perhaps he journeyed to France and married the girl with whom he had passed that fateful night when Roland Parker went out to self-destruction. Perhaps he had the manhood to follow Roland's example. We do not know.

Realism!

A CERTAIN notorious murderer who shall be nameless, and who suffered for his crime some twenty odd years ago, had a perfect passion for anything and everything connected with the dramatic profession.

Ultimately, he was executed for the murder of a gentleman in a railway carriage. It was recorded at the time of the trial that on one occasion he was taking part in some private theatricals, and some charades were suggested. Eventually some tableaux vivants were arranged for, and this youthful miscreant arranged a most successful series, one of the principal features of which was the murder of a man in a railway carriage.

That occurred at least six months before the tragedy.



CHAPTER IV.

"EX Oriente aliquid semper novi"—there is always something new from the East—may have been true in the days of Cicero, but we moderns are inclined to look upon the East as the region of conservatism, the part of the world where old traditions and old customs obtain, and for new wonders we turn to the West. It is from the land of the Yankee that the most startling innovations have come, the most ingenious inventions emanated, and the wildest of schemes been given to the public. It is not surprising, then, to learn that the up-to-date American objected to the orthodox methods of hanging which we described in our last chapter, nor shall we be astonished when we are told that certain of the most progressive Americans considered that hanging in any form was too old-fashioned, and moved the Government to substitute for it some more modern form of punishment. Commissions were appointed, witnesses examined, experts called to add the weight of their experience to the balance, and in the end it was decided that it should be legal in such States as desired it to substitute for the gallows and the rope, execution by means of a strong current of electricity. Americans were delighted. They had devised a perfectly scientific death; they were in advance of the world; another step had been taken in their emancipation from the thraldom of old-time customs.

Then the question cropped up: How is the current to be employed? A long list of accidents with electric cables and with lighting installations had shown that if a human being under certain circumstances touched a cable with electricity of a certain voltage, he died, apparently instantaneously, but there were no definite records to show exactly under what conditions the man had to touch the live cable, nor exactly what voltage would prove fatal. Accordingly, the first thing to be done was to institute experiments on animals, and it was conclusively proved that if a current of two thousand volts were passed through the body of a bullock death resulted almost immediately. Next, the doctors had to decide what was the best method of applying the current. Some suggested that the victim should be made to stand up and grasp a couple of handles, thus closing the circuit himself. Against this it was argued that it might be difficult to force the culprit to grasp the handles, and in any struggle that might ensue the attendants would run the risk of being electrocuted, while in his fall the convict would in all probability seriously damage the apparatus. From France came the suggestion that a specially-made helmet should be used. This weapon, or instrument, was much in the shape of the old knightly helmets, save that on each temple there was a screw for attaching electric wires. When the helmet was placed on the victim's head and closed, shutting out the light of the world from him for ever, two sponges, moistened with water, or salt solution, pressed against the temples of the unhappy victim. At a given signal, the current was to be turned on, and would pass through the brain, causing, it was hoped, instant death. One of these precious helmets was actually made by a Parisian firm and despatched to New York, but when it reached America the doctors who were charged with the investigation had made another advance.

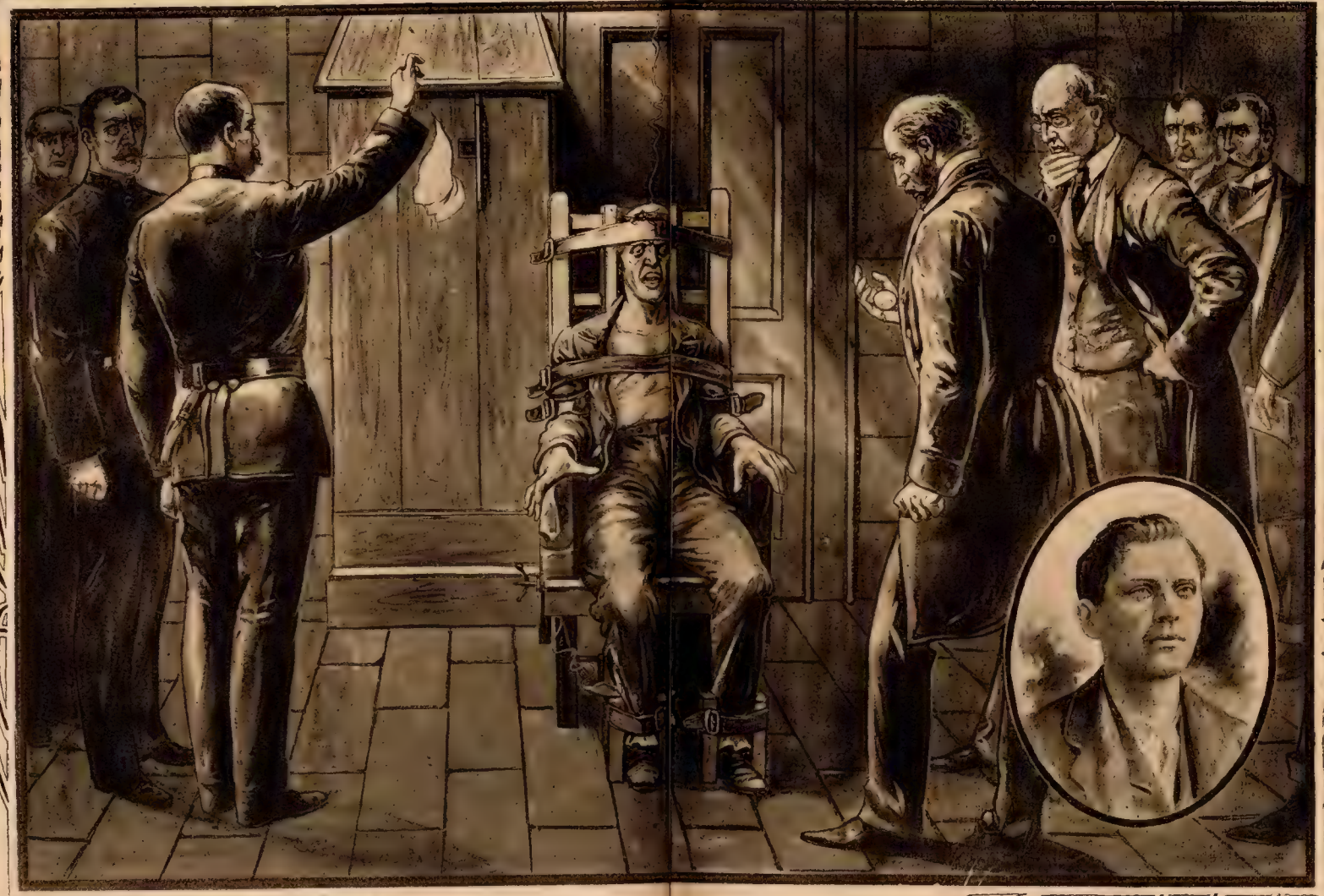
Records of as many cases of death by lightning as could be obtained were examined, and it was noted that in every case the fluid had passed through the spinal column. As a rule the lightning had struck the victim on the head or neck and had traversed the body, passing to the earth from the heel or from the knee. This led doctors to believe that the spinal column played an important part in deaths from electric shock, and it was decided that whatever form of instrument was prescribed for State use, it must be one which allowed the fatal current to pass through a large portion of the body. Thus, while the helmet was on its way to America it was ruled out of court, and now probably rests in some museum of curiosities. Certain it is that it has never been used, and probably never will be.

After much discussion, the medical commission recommended that the instrument of death should take the form of a chair to which the culprit should be fastened with one electrode on his head and another fastened to his leg or arm. This much had been agreed upon when the necessity arrived for a man to be put out of the world by the new method. An electric chair was hastily prepared, doctors from various parts of the States came to the prison and assisted at the preliminary experiments, and the scientific world awaited with impatience the eventful day. Not so William Kemmler, who was to be the first human being done to death by the "improved" method; he dreaded the approach of death, but would have welcomed the gallows in preference to the new, unknown horror.

Prior to the execution a large bullock was killed by means of the current to be employed, and all the medical men present felt confident that the terrible ceremony in which they were to take part would be a great success. The currents were switched off, and the victim brought from the condemned cells. He was placed in the chair—we have said that it was an improvised one—and a sponge soaked in salt water applied to his head. To the sponge a wire to conduct the current was fastened. The second electrode was placed on his foot.

At the given signal the switch was thrown over, and a current of considerably over two thousand volts shot through the convict's frame, violently convulsing him. The muscles were contorted into knots, the features frightfully distorted, the eyes started from their sockets; still Kemmler did not die. The current was turned off and again switched on. This time the flesh where the electrodes touched it was burnt, and the smell of scorching skin filled the apartment. Even hardened doctors, accustomed to horrors, were sickened. The writhing figure in the chair seemed to resist death. A third time the switch was turned off and on, and at last, after four minutes' agony, William Kemmler died.

The moment it was clear that life was extinct, the body was taken from the fatal chair and hurried to the post-mortem room, the doctors being very anxious to make exact notes of the changes that had taken place in the tissues, so before the



THE AMERICAN DEATH CHAIR.

THE ELECTROCUTION OF KEMMLER THE FIRST MURDERER LEGALLY KILLED BY ELECTRICITY.

wretched criminal was cold, his very vitals were being explored by the wicked-looking knives of the scientists.

Exact accounts of all the post-mortem appearances were published in the scientific papers of the whole world, and physicians and physiologists invited to make comments thereon. A mass of correspondence ensued, some of it being eminently useful, but much of it being merely abuse from soft-hearted folk who thought that they could avenge the murderer's death by execrating the doctors, who, in the interests of humanity, had presided at the terrible experiment. This was in 1889, and since then many persons have been executed by electricity, their ends being speedy and apparently painless. So, after all, the suffering that Kemmler endured—if, indeed, he did suffer, which some of the doctors present strenuously deny—had borne good fruit.

Among other things, the doctors have learnt that too strong a current is just as bad as too weak a one, and have also found out the conditions under which a man may handle wires charged with currents of electricity of very high voltage without being seriously injured. Furthermore, in the interests of humanity, they have paid attention to the death-chair, and have now devised an appliance which acts perfectly well, and which does not necessitate the last moments of the condemned man being unduly prolonged. With the apparatus used for Kemmler some ten minutes were occupied in fitting him to the chair and adjusting the electrodes, and it was felt that, however bad a murderer might be, it was sheer brutality to inflict so much mental agony if it could be avoided.

Auburn Gaol, the prison in which Kemmler met his fate, possesses the most perfect arrangements for carrying out electric executions, and we will describe those, premising that the appointments are substantially the same in other prisons in which electricity is the lethal power, the differences being merely in detail.

The death-house in Auburn Gaol is a separate building, detached from the main building in the centre of the huge quadrangle. It consists essentially of three parts. First, the condemned cells; secondly, the death-chamber; and lastly, the power-house, in which are the switches and levers necessary for turning on the current. Between the section containing the condemned cells and the death-chamber is a massive iron door which is only opened to admit a doomed man about to meet his end.

The death chamber itself is a large, well-lighted apartment, furnished with a number of stools for the accommodation of the favoured folk who are admitted to witness the execution. At one end of the chamber is a partition, dividing it from the power-house. In this partition there is an opening just large enough to permit a man standing with his hand on the lever to see the warden of the prison, if that gentleman stands in a particular spot. A skilful arrangement of screens prevents the occupants of the power-house from catching a glimpse of the lethal chair or its occupant, while the spectators are unable to see the face of the man who actually turns on the current.

About five feet away from the partition stands the death-chair, a massive oak seat, giving one the idea of great solidity. It stands on a thick india-rubber mat, and its seat and back are covered with mackintosh. To its back, legs, and arms are fastened a number of strong leather straps, with which the victim is secured. Above it dangles a copper wire, terminating in a conical copper cap. Let us witness an execution in this model slaughter-house, and then we shall have a fair idea of how the "advanced" States slay their malefactors.

The witnesses assemble in the warden's room about five minutes before the time fixed for the execution, which is generally at seven in the morning. The warden, having been introduced to them, instructs them to form into a procession, two and two, and to follow him. All set out down one of the corridors of the prison, being "booed" by the prisoners in the cells lining it, if the murderer about to be slain is a popular criminal, and being greeted with silence if the general opinion is that the doomed man deserves his fate. At one point in the corridor stands a warder, who stops the procession, and calls over the names of those authorised to be present, checking each one off as he answers. Then the mournful party proceed. They pass into the yard and enter the death chamber by a large door, reserved for solemn occasions. Inside the dread apartment they are bidden to sit down on the stools provided, which are ranged in a double semi-circle. Then the warden addresses them in a stereotyped formula, of which the following is a transcript:

"Gentlemen, you are here to witness the legal death of X. I desire that you keep your seats and preserve absolute silence in the death chamber, no matter what may happen. There are plenty of guards and officials to preserve order and attend to the proper details."

If it has not been done prior to the entrance of the visitors, the electricians responsible for the care of the apparatus then apply a public test to assure all that everything is in good working order. A large frame, bearing 24 powerful incandescent lights, is brought in and laid across the arms of the death-chair. The wires are attached and at a signal the electrician turns on the current. All the lamps glow brightly if the current is of the proper strength. Then the current is switched off, and all should instantly die out, for if they do not there is some leakage. Twice this test is applied, and the wires are then unfastened, and all is ready for the victim. The warden makes a sign to the sub-warden who is in charge of the great iron door leading to the condemned cells. In an instant it is opened, and the word passed to the waiting gaolers in the corridor to bring out the condemned. Since his doom has been fixed the prisoner has been confined in one of the eight cells, steel lined, and with gates instead of doors, which form this part of the building. The gate of his cell is unlocked, and two gaolers enter and seize the unhappy criminal. If the prisoner refuses the ministrations of a chaplain, then he is hurried as fast as the guards can drag him into the death chamber, but, if he wishes for spiritual consolation, he is permitted to walk to the fatal chair, accompanied by his ghostly comforter, as slowly as he likes. Three warders before, and a like number behind him, suffice to overpower him or coerce him if he shows signs of resistance.

Once past the iron door, it is closed with a resounding clang, and the convict knows that it shuts him off from life. About five paces suffice to bring him to the chair, into which he is forced by warders, unless he agrees to sit down quietly. A broad strap is passed round his waist and buckled tightly. Another assistant straps the malefactor's arms to the arms of the chair, while a third fastens his legs. A large pair of shears is then produced, and the right leg of the convict's trousers slit up so as to expose the flesh. To the calf of the leg a copper electrode, furnished with a sponge, moistened with the solution of salt and water, is strapped firmly, and the wire is so arranged that however violent the culprit's struggles, it may not be interfered with. The copper cap which we have seen dangling above the chair is then drawn down and applied firmly to the top of the convict's head, great care being taken to see that the sponge is not interfered with by the hair. The victim's head is then fastened back to the back of the chair by a strap passing across the forehead, and sometimes by a divided strap that leads from the forehead on either side of the chin.

Beside the condemned stand a couple of doctors, and close enough to whisper words of consolation is the clergyman. The warden retreats to the spot where he can be seen by the person in the power room, and holds up a handkerchief with which to give the fatal signal. The electrician has his hand on the lever and his eye on the warden. The latter gives a glance to see that all is right, and then carefully watches the convict's breathing. Noting the moment when the victim commences to exhale, the warden drops his kerchief and the electrician throws over the switch. A current of seventeen hundred volts rushes through the bound man's frame. He strives to leap from the chair and strains against the confining straps till they literally creak. The excitement is intense, for it appears as if the culprit would burst his bonds and leap into the room. The warden keeps his eye on the figure in the chair, marking the clutching of the hands and the tense quivering of the limbs. After the current has been passing for about seven seconds, he makes a sign with his hand, and the current is slowly reduced. Gradually the strain is relaxed, the involuntary movement of the fingers is stilled, and the quivering ceases. When the electricity is almost cut off, the warden again signals, and the full current is switched on a second time, and allowed to pass through the body for eight seconds. Again the figure starts up in the chair, and seems as if it would be hurled across the room did not the bonds restrain it. Then the current is turned completely off, and the doctors step up and feel the pulse. "Shall I give 'it' another shock?" asks the electrician of the warden; and, being answered by a nod, the full voltage is a third time thrown through the murderer. For a few seconds the fatal fluid is allowed to course through the criminal's body, and then the lever is pushed home and the current shut off.

This time the figure in the chair sinks limply back, while the air which was in the lungs escapes with a weird, hissing

sound. It is evident to all present that the murderer is no more. The doctors examine the heart with a stethoscope, and detecting no life in the body, formally declare that the culprit has been slain in accordance with the law. Any medical men who may be among the spectators are then invited to examine the body, after which all retire to the prison office, where a certificate is drawn up.

As soon as the execution is over, an operating table is brought into the death-chamber, which is then turned into a necropsy room, the doctors soon getting to work with their knives and saws, peering into the hidden mysteries of the slain man, and striving by examination of the brain to account for the homicidal tendencies of the lately deceased. The body is later buried in a public cemetery, the coffin being liberally treated with corrosives to ensure rapid destruction of the remains.

All this sounds as if an electrocution took some time, but, as a matter of fact, about three minutes suffices from the time the malefactor enters the death-chamber till the current is finally turned off to ensure his legal death. Still, three minutes compares very badly with the three-quarters of a minute which is the record time in England for an execution to take place in.

Very few women have died in the electric chair, the first to suffer being Mrs. Place, who murdered her step-daughter most cruelly. She was executed in March, 1899, and apparently died easily. Several lady doctors were present at her execution, and it is said that they exhibited a most extraordinary amount of callousness. The warden had to restrain them from pressing too close to the chair while the current was passing, and when he declared the convict to be dead, had to check the levity of the fair medicos. The proceedings were carried out in the same manner as when a man is executed, save that a slit was cut through the woman's skirt to permit the electrode to be secured to the leg, and the culprit was made to remove her stocking before entering the death-chamber. When the execution was over, the lady doctors were very anxious to perform the customary post-mortem on the wretched criminal, and scarcely seemed to realise that they had just witnessed the violent death of a fellow-being.

Now, is electrocution as certain as hanging? That is the question which has exercised the minds of many thinkers and scientists. We know that death by a strong current of electricity can be instantaneous, but we have also before us the remembrance of a certain professor who quite recently accidentally passed through his body a current of the same strength as is used for killing criminals. He recovered, and declared that, though he could not see, yet he was perfectly sensible to the pain the whole of the hour he lay unconscious to all appearances. He was powerless to move or to cry out, and was believed to be dead, yet he recovered. Does not this open up the ghastly possibility that those who are supposed to die in the electric chair may in reality meet their end at the point of the dissecting knife? Hanging, we know, is absolutely certain, and, if properly carried out, is instantaneous. Whether it is painless or not, of course we do not know; but we trust that the pain, if any, is of so short a duration that it may be disregarded. The preparations for hanging are less elaborate, and take less time, and there is not the same danger to the attendants. Altogether, we are inclined to think that electrocution will never become the authorised mode of despatching criminals, in Great Britain at least.

What's in a Name?

THE double murder at Wood Green some years ago is probably not yet quite forgotten. The female victim of that affair was named Maria Death—a significant name enough, for the circumstances of the case were of a terrible nature. No less than three men named Frederick Baker have been hanged for murder at various times, and Miller has also been a rather fatal name in this respect; while within the last sixty years two women named Gale have been the victims of brutal assassins.

The Smiths, Browns, and Robinsons may take comfort in the reflection that very few of that triple-fraternity have suffered the extreme penalty of the law, nor have they very often, considering how common the names are, been the victims of murderers.

Disparity of Punishments.

AT a sessions in Charleston, U.S.A., in 1831, a man was fined no more than £50 for killing a negro; while two other persons, for "negro-stealing," were sentenced to be hanged!

DON'T MISS THIS!

Something for Nothing!

The Chance of a Lifetime!

Owing to the numerous demands which we have received for a more extended life of that King of Criminals,

CHARLES PEACE,

than we were able to give in the opening numbers of "FAMOUS CRIMES," we have decided to publish

A THRILLING STORY

woven round the exploits of the notorious burglar, and to present this in weekly instalments to our readers

AS A SUPPLEMENT

to this paper, thus providing those who make the lives of great criminals a study, as well as a recreation, with a detailed account of the doings of the most renowned of modern law-breakers, and a valuable addition

TO THIS JOURNAL.

Every incident in the life of the cunning rascal that research has brought to light will be fully dealt with, and much curious and little known matter concerning the

The Bannercross and Whalley Murders

will be made public. The entire history of this strange mixture of Musician and Murderer, of Villain and Violinist, forms a narrative of absorbing interest to the student, far more engrossing and

EXCITING

than the productions of the ordinary novelist, and one which, we feel sure, will be looked for and

EAGERLY WELCOMED

by the numerous friends of "FAMOUS CRIMES." There will be found the entire relation of the Ruffian's doings, of his early life and youthful escapades, of

PEACE'S LOVE TRIUMPHS

in spite of his insignificant and repulsive personality; of his training in the paths of crime, of his craft, and of

HIS NUMEROUS DISGUISES;

of his double life, and of the various offences for which he suffered imprisonment; the whole leading up to

The Awful Murder of Mr. Dyson,

for which, after many vicissitudes, the fiendish little scoundrel was tried, found guilty, condemned to die, and paid the last dreadful penalty on

THE SCAFFOLD.

And NOTE!! This powerful and dramatic Life of the Arch Rogue will not cost you a penny more than you are already paying for your weekly journal. It will be

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by the Proprietors of "FAMOUS CRIMES," who have acquired the copyright of this unique biography at great expense. They are offering this as a Free Gift.

TO OUR READERS.

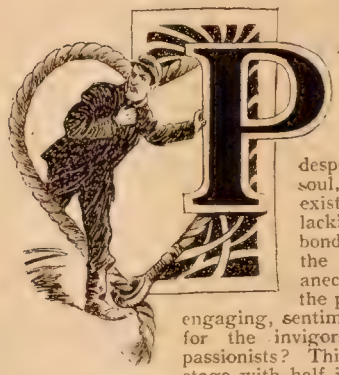
The instalments of this Monumental Life of CHARLES PEACE will be quite separate from the current numbers of "FAMOUS CRIMES," with which it will be issued, so as to enable those fortunate enough to secure copies to have them bound into a handsome volume distinct from their Classic Criminal Library which they receive weekly in "FAMOUS CRIMES."

Full Particulars in our Next Issue.

How JAMES BURTON Killed ELIZABETH ANN.

The Story of a Brutal Murder and the extraordinary Execution of the Criminal.

"The hands of Justice may slip—they will not fail."
—SILAS HOOK.



PASSION has wrought some strange devices on the face of man's history; indeed, if it were not for that mighty juggler and despoiler of the heart and soul, the chronicle of human existence would be sadly lacking in variety. The bond-slaves of passion are the princes of story and anecdote. Where would be the popularity of narratives, engaging, sentimental, and heroic, but for the invigorating presence of the passionists? This class has supplied the stage with half its heroes, and the gallows with two-thirds of its victims.

This is the story of one who perished on the scaffold.

James Burton, when we first make his acquaintance, was a well-built, handsome sailor, thirty years of age, and of tolerable character. He owned few virtues and less vices, these latter being of so popular and general a description that the charitable reduced them to the category of "failings."

He was generous, and disposed to be warm-hearted, affable, fond of gaiety and the like, and was also something of a gambler.

He hated his wife.

The ordinary individual does not hate, and is often incapable of love; he merely likes and dislikes; but the "passionist," from the strong emotional forces in his nature, either loathes or worships, detests or adores.

Now, Burton loathed his wife. Neither of them being members of exalted circles in society, we cannot describe their marriage as one of "convenience," but we can with truth designate it as a "business partnership."

Burton was, for the most part, a voyager on the high seas and a traveller in "foreign parts," and when so absent from home required somebody to guard his stationary interests and effects in England. It appeared to him that the woman he afterwards made Mrs. Burton would fill this post admirably. Acting upon this supposition, he married her, and was surprised to find that she expected him to love and cherish her in the manner of a fond and ardent husband, which he had no inclination to be. Very much shocked and pained at this discovery, he forthwith treated her to several exhibitions of violence and brutality, each one calculated in itself to dispel the foolish creature's absurd illusions.

Having thrashed and bullied his wife into a reasonable frame of mind, Burton set off once more upon his travels.

He returned in due course, and, finding Mrs. Burton as importunately affectionate as ever, treated her to stronger doses of "fisticana," a caustic if well-intentioned remedy. When James Burton, in his heroic efforts to knock indifference into his wife, had rendered her senseless on several occasions, the poor woman, fearing for her life, decided to leave her ferocious spouse. In other words, the couple separated.

Burton felt himself a wronged man, but, considering everything, bore up with much fortitude under this matrimonial affliction.

Soon afterwards he entirely forgot the fact of Mrs. Burton's existence when he looked upon the red lips and smiling eyes of little "Elizabeth Ann."

Elizabeth Ann Sharpe was her full name, but everybody called her simply Elizabeth Ann, and she was very daintily pretty and childlike.

She was fair, with a pink and white complexion, demure grey eyes, and red rosebud lips. Burton first saw her when she was walking in Tunstall. He turned round and stared at her, and she appeared to respond to his advances. She blushed all over her face and neck and hurried away, very much fluttered at being discovered looking at a man. The man smiled, feeling tremendously gratified in his heart, and followed her; but she was too quick for him, and the chase proved fruitless at this time.

The next day he was again on the look-out for her. He met her, smiled and spoke; to all of which she only replied by a great deal of blushing, and hurried off with her heart in her mouth.

Burton was not to be discouraged. He saw that the girl was beautiful, and, strangely enough, innocent, with the heart of a child. Such girls are not to be wooed or won every day in the week, and it was not likely a strong, inflexible man like Burton was going to acknowledge defeat because of an initial repulse.

He returned to the charge again and again, and finally secured a parley.

"Why do you follow me about like this?" asked Elizabeth Ann, all of a tremble, and looking anywhere but in Burton's face.

"Because I want to know you."

"But why?"

"Because I feel sure I shall like you."

To this, of course, Elizabeth could reply nothing, so Burton, seizing his already considerable advantage, walked by her side.

She did not remonstrate.

Burton chose his words carefully, so that, what with his modest carriage and his decorous speech, Elizabeth, at the end of the walk, came to the conclusion that her new acquaintance was a very desirable personage with whom to enter into friendship. We all remember how Othello wooed Desdemona, not with soft compliments and flattering protestations, but by narrating deeds of daring, exploits in far lands, etc., until the Venetian's brain was full of wonder and awe, and her heart full of admiration for the hero of so varied and perilous a career. Now, James Burton, who knew Othello only by name, and who was entirely ignorant as to his history and manner of ensnaring the hearts of the fair, employed precisely similar means to engage the affections of little Elizabeth Ann.

She was never tired of listening to his stories, and at times, when he described, with rough, untutored eloquence, how he had been at the mercy of this tribe, and that storm, the child would grow pale and cling to him in terror. Once she burst into tears, and caught hold of the narrator's outstretched arms in the stress of her excitement.

In a moment she found herself clasped to his breast, frightened, trembling, and strangely happy.

"You love me?" he whispered.

She did not answer.

"You cannot deny it, darling; you love me as I love you."

"Yes, yes, I love you."

"You will marry me?"

"Ah, don't talk like that yet."

So the affair ended in mutual avowals of love, and finally culminated in marriage.

Marriage! But Burton already had a wife!

Yes, but the reader will kindly remember that we before stated that Burton had preferred to entirely forget that good lady's existence.

The "marriage" of Elizabeth and James Burton took place at a registry office in Sunderland. It all happened very quietly, and with the knowledge of few people. The couple took apartments in the town, and for a short time the child Elizabeth was gloriously, indescribably happy. All went merry as a marriage bell for the space of three weeks. Burton in all his life had never experienced joy such as he experienced now. Life was delight, one long dream of unalloyed bliss. But soon this halcyon period of joy was rudely dispelled. In the case of Elizabeth Ann it was shattered for ever; she sat amongst the ruins of her dreams. The stern hand of reality had plucked aside the curtains of fancy and delusion to show her the true self of Burton. The discovery half killed her.

It happened in this way.

One evening when she was sitting with Burton by the winter's fireside a visitor was announced.

"What name?" asked Elizabeth Ann.

"Mrs. Burton."

"Your mother, James?" asked Elizabeth.

The man did not answer. He was very pale, and his eyes shone with remarkable brilliance. Elizabeth saw that he trembled.

"No, not his mother," cried a voice from the door; "his wife!"

With a cry of horror Elizabeth turned to find herself confronted by a coarse, angry woman, old enough to be her mother, and shabby enough to be her servant.

"What do you mean, woman? I am his wife."

"You? Ha! ha! I like that. You?"

The blood rushed up into Elizabeth's cheeks. She felt abashed and ashamed before the strange woman's taunting eyes and insolent mouth. With an imploring gesture she stretched out her hands to James Burton.

"That woman is, in truth, my wife!"

"James! James!" she cried, "tell me this is not true! tell me that this woman lies, and that I am in truth your wife!"

Burton rose from his chair, a dreadful pallor suffusing his passionate face.

"Elizabeth," he said, in cold, level tones, "that woman is, in truth, my wife. I have deceived you."

The girl's hands clutched wildly at the air, as with a stifled cry she fell swooning to the ground.

Burton strode over to his wife, quivering with frenzied hate.

"Get out of this!" he hissed in her ear. "Get out of this, unless you want me to murder you!"

He raised his clenched fists menacingly, a terrible anger in his face, and his wife, terrified for her safety, fled the house in clamorous dismay.

Burton became transformed; the hard lines relaxed in his countenance, all the anger and hate faded from his eyes as he stooped and strove to revive the swooning girl.

"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!" he cried, "speak to me, dear love, speak! Oh, God! can the shock have killed her?"

Gradually, under restorative influence, Elizabeth exhibited signs of returning consciousness. Then she began to weep quietly, oblivious of Burton's presence.

He judged it wise to leave her for a time, and so stole from the room.

He returned in an hour's time and found the apartment empty. Elizabeth had gone, leaving nothing to indicate the cause of her departure. Burton, half distracted, rushed into the streets, hurrying first this and then that way, in vain pursuit of his vanished love. He stared rudely—some thought insanely—into the faces of female wayfarers, hoping against despair to trace in their veiled lineaments the dear, beloved likeness of Elizabeth the lost.

Burton, strong, passion-torn man that he was, broke down and wept amidst the ruins of his desolated dreams.

In the morning he received a letter from Elizabeth. It was couched in conventional language, and explained that, although she loved him, had loved him, and must continue to love him, she could not, after discovering herself to be other than his lawful wife, continue to live in sin. She must conquer desire, crucify her body. He had behaved to her in an infamous manner, ruined her, despoiled her innocence—all that was left for her now was a life of purity. She never wished to hear from him or of him again in this world—all attempts to win her back to him would be futile and wasted.

For a time Burton was so stunned and dazed by this letter that he remained absolutely incapable of action or of thought. It would seem that the man was the victim of some deadly coma, which, gradually passing from his senses, left him a prey to madness.

His acquaintances testify that about this time the man was scarcely less than a raving lunatic. Solitary in his habits, he was subject to fits of uncontrollable fury, which, in fact, had all appearances of epilepsy.

He wrote continually to Elizabeth, praying her to return to him, adjuring her not to abandon him to madness and despair, conjuring her by every conceivable device to return to his aching heart. To all of which she replied with—silence.

At last, finding that he could bear it no longer, he determined at all cost to once more see her. He knew that she was residing with her parents near Silksworth, and he forthwith journeyed to that town, without announcing his visit by any letter or other communication. Once in Silksworth he discovered that Elizabeth Ann had entered into the service of a gentleman's family living near the cottage occupied by her father and mother, and that it was the custom of the girl to walk at least once a day between the two places on a visit to her parents.

Knowing this, Burton secreted himself in some foliage on the banks of the Silksworth Railway, prepared to wait the whole day on the chance of enjoying a private interview with Elizabeth.

He remained thus in hiding for a period of six hours, anxiously watching every foot-passenger that passed down the narrow country road.

At last his patience was rewarded. In the evening, when twilight was already making everything dim and mist-coloured, he saw the flutter of a white dress. He knew that dress in a moment. Elizabeth was approaching.

With brain and heart on fire, he crept from his hiding, and stood in her path.

She saw him, in an instant recognised him, and started back with a cry of terror. Burton rushed forward and caught her in his arms.

"Love, love, I have found you at last!" he cried.

"Let me go! let me go!"

"Never!—never! You are mine!"

"I am not yours! I will never be yours again!"

"My God, I will not be denied! Think—think, darling, of how I have loved you—what you have been to me!"

For answer, the girl, with a desperate effort, half freed herself from his embrace. A terrible struggle ensued. Burton, mad, imploring, threatening, striving to hold the girl he loved and hated; whilst she fought with remarkable strength to escape his caresses and fly from his presence for ever.

He began to see that it was hopeless—that she loved him no longer—that she would never again be his—never.

This knowledge transformed him from a man into an unreasoning savage. If he could not possess Elizabeth no one else should. He would kill her!

With a mighty effort he flung the girl to the ground. She fell with a scream and rolled down the little bank on to the railway. Burton sprang after, and, raising a heavy stone,

brought it down with horrible force upon her head. With maniac strength he continued, until he had battered the last traces of beauty from the crushed and bleeding face.

Then he grew afraid, and, trembling in every limb, dragged the maimed corpse closer into the bank. He began to collect stones with which to conceal the body of his victim, and was thus employed when the whistle of a distant engine told him that a train was approaching.

He fled from the spot.

Later in the evening two men employed on the railway discovered the body of Elizabeth Ann, and the next day Burton was arrested.

He denied all knowledge of the crime.

When tried he stoutly maintained his innocence, but in spite of an able defence he was found guilty and sentenced to death. He received his sentence composedly, and walked from the dock without assistance.

He remained calm and self-possessed until the day of execution dawned—August 6, 1883. Then occurred one of the most remarkable scenes ever witnessed on an English scaffold.

Marwood and his assistants entered the cell early in the morning and pinioned the wretched criminal. Burton was pale and trembling, and gratefully drank a strong draught of the proffered brandy.

Supported on either side by warders, he was led from the cell, the procession being headed by the chaplain.

The scaffold was reached. The white cap was drawn over the condemned man's quivering face.

He stood upon the drop immediately beneath the cross-bar, the noose dangling about his shoulders.

The noose was slipped over his head, and Marwood had his hand upon the lever, ready to launch the murderer into eternity.

The chaplain's last words died away. The lever was pulled, and in an instant the masked and pinioned figure disappeared from sight.

The rope swung violently backwards and forwards.

With a cry of horror, Marwood and his assistants sprang to the edge of the cavity.

Burton was alive!

The slack of the rope had caught under the man's right elbow, and he swung backwards and forwards in the cavity of the drop, only half hanged!

Without a moment's hesitation, Marwood jumped down, and in an instant loosened the rope from the tortured man's neck. He was carried up by means of a ladder in a half insensible condition to the execution shed.

The white cap had fallen half from his face. A white froth was on the twitching lips, and the cheeks were ashen grey. Mercifully, the eyes were still hidden.

Once more the rope was adjusted; once more the cap was drawn over Burton's terror-wasted features; once more a man stood with his hand upon the lever.

This time it was Marwood's assistant, Marwood himself standing behind the condemned man, his hands upon the quivering wretch's shoulders.

Once more the lever was pulled.

With all his force Marwood pushed Burton into the cavity. The rope swung fearfully again, but the murderer was dead.

"Oh, Lord, have mercy on my poor soul!" were his last words, stammered in the agony of imminent death.

DRAGGED THE MAIMED CORPSE CLOSER INTO THE BANK.

Mrs. BROWNRIGG and Her 'Prentice Girls.

A STORY of HORRIBLE and FIENDISH CRUELTY.

"I could hardly be persuaded before I had seen it, that the world could have afforded so marble-hearted and savage-minded beings that could hack and mangle other members, only to this end that they may enjoy the pleasing spectacle of the languishing gestures, horror-moving yellings and deep-fetched groans of the victims."

—MONTAIGNE, "Essay on Cruelty."

AMONG the network of courts and alleys which lie to right and left of Fetter Lane, a narrow winding thoroughfare connecting Holborn with Fleet Street, is one known as Fleur de Lis or Flower de Luce Court. One side of the court is formed of the backs of two houses fronting upon the lane, which were inhabited a hundred and fifty years ago by respectable tradesmen. In one of these houses resided James Brownrigg, a house painter; in the other, John Deacon, a baker. On the morning of Monday, August 3, 1767, William Clipson, apprentice to Mr. Deacon, was looking out of a staircase window on the third floor, which commanded a view of the skylight at the back of Mr. Brownrigg's premises. The skylight window had been removed, and he could see down into the yard. And there a strange and horrible sight met his eyes. It appeared to be a human body, but "all bloody and raw like the meat in a butcher's shop." Curiosity was stronger than horror in the breast of William Clipson as he stole down to the lower staircase, got out of the window, and crawled cautiously on his stomach to the skylight, and, lying across it, peered eagerly into the yard. A close scrutiny revealed to him the fact that the shocking object which had attracted his attention was the figure of a girl. Her back was exposed to his view, and he noticed that it was scored and cut all over in a dreadful manner. He called to her three or four times, but could get no answer. The figure remained perfectly motionless. Then he tossed down two or three pieces of mortar, one of which struck the girl on the head. Then at last the figure moved. "She looked up in my face," said William Clipson, when telling his story afterwards in court; "I saw her eyes blackened and her face very much swollen. Her back and shoulders were cut in a very shocking manner. I saw blood and wounds upon her head. She made a noise something like a long 'Oh-h,' and then drew herself backwards. I heard Mrs. Brownrigg speak to her in a very sharp manner. Then I went indoors and told my mistress what I had seen." From the description given by William Clipson, Mrs. Deacon had no doubt that the unfortunate girl whom he had seen was Mary Clifford, who had been apprenticed to Mrs. Brownrigg by the Guardians of the Whitefriars Workhouse. The girl's mother was dead, but her stepmother was living, and Mrs. Deacon at once communicated with her. Mrs. Clifford immediately went to the overseers of the parish and asked their assistance.

On the following day, Tuesday, August 4, Mr. Grundy, one of the parish officers, called upon James Brownrigg and demanded to see Mary Clifford. Brownrigg informed him that the girl was at Stanstead, in Essex, and had been there for a fortnight. Mr. Grundy replied that this was false, as he had witnesses to prove that the girl had been seen in the house on the previous day. Then Brownrigg took a very high tone, and asked by what right Mr. Grundy dared to enter his house without a warrant, and threatened proceedings for trespass unless the intruder at once took himself off. But the parochial overseer was a firm and resolute man, and was not to be brow-beaten. Whereupon Brownrigg produced another apprentice, Mary Mitchell, and declared that she was the only girl in the house, and that it must have been her that the witnesses had seen on the previous day. But even Mary Mitchell presented a spectacle that might have moved the sternest heart. She was a miserable, half-starved creature, bearing evident marks of ill-usage about the face and arms, with a pathetic expression of mingled fear and entreaty in her eyes. The parochial officer was a man of feeling, and, after looking at Mary Mitchell for a moment, he turned to Brownrigg, and said sternly:

"Is this usage fit for a fellow creature?"

Then, turning to the girl, he said kindly:

"Come with me, my dear, and tell me all that has happened. Don't be afraid; you shall never enter this house again."

So saying, Mr. Grundy quitted the house with the trembling, terrified girl, who showed by her cowering manner and timid glances in what dread she stood of her mistress's wrath. Once away from the presence of the Brownriggs, Mary Mitchell was induced to speak, and she told Mr. Grundy that Mary Clifford was in far worse condition than she was, and that she saw Clifford in the house not half-an-hour before Mr. Grundy came. The parish overseer at once sent for a constable, and determined to search Mr. Brownrigg's house from top to bottom, until he had unearthed the unfortunate girl. Accompanied by the constable, Mr. Grundy again confronted Brownrigg, and demanded to see Mary Clifford. Brownrigg swore to heaven that the girl was not in the house, and appealed to his wife to corroborate his statement, which she promptly did. The house was then searched, but no trace of the missing girl could be found. Mr. Grundy, however, was sure, from the statements made by William Clipson and Mary Mitchell that Mary Clifford must be somewhere in the house, dead or alive, and he, therefore, imperatively ordered Brownrigg to produce her, under penalty of being marched to the lock-up in custody and charged with murder. Then, at last, Brown-

Threatened proceedings for trespass.

rigg sullenly surrendered, and the girl was produced from some secret hiding-place, which had escaped the search of Mr. Grundy and the constable. Brownrigg, at the same time, brought out a bottle of wine, and asked Mr. Grundy to partake of it. But the latter was too much taken up with the ghastly appearance of Mary Clifford to accept Brownrigg's hospitality. He went up to her and asked her how she did; but she could not speak. Her mouth was distended, she could not shut her lips, her face was horribly swollen and distorted. So alarming was her condition that she was at once removed to the hospital, whither Mary Mitchell was also conveyed, whilst James Brownrigg was taken to the lock-up in charge of the constable.

The next day Brownrigg was brought up before Alderman Crosby at the Guildhall. Both girls appeared in court as witnesses, but Clifford was so weak that she had to be carried into the witness-box, and when there could hardly be made to understand the questions put to her. Her pitiful

WHIPPED IN A MOST CRUEL AND BARBAROUS MANNER.

condition created a great sensation, but nothing compared with that produced by the revelations of Mary Mitchell. She deposed that she was 16 years of age, and had been apprenticed from the St. Dunstan's Workhouse to Mrs. Brownrigg. And she went on to detail how her mistress had often tied up herself and Mary Clifford naked, with their arms crossed, to an iron staple that was fixed to a beam in the cellar for that purpose, and whipped them in a most cruel and barbarous manner for the most trifling offences; and that on the Friday previously (July 31) Mary Clifford, in particular, was thus tied up and whipped six times, and herself (Mitchell) twice; that on the Sunday before they were locked up in the coal-hole under the cellar stairs, where they had often been forced before, without anything given them to eat, except a piece of dry bread, and without so much as a drop of water or any other liquid to drink. So far Mary Mitchell's evidence before the alderman; but the revelations then made, revolting though they were, shrank into utter insignificance compared with the disclosures made at a later period of the inquiry.

The surgeon of the hospital gave the following evidence as to the condition of Mary Clifford when she was brought there: "The top of her head and shoulders and back appeared very bloody; I turned down the sheet of the bed on which she lay, and found from the bottom of her feet to the top of her head almost one continued sore; scars that seemed as if cut with a sharp instrument on the body, legs, and thighs; upon one hip was a very large wound; it spread about half the palm of my hand. I was obliged to draw the shift from the wounds; her head was almost one continued sore. There were five or six wounds on her head. Her neck was swollen a great deal, to such a degree she could not speak nor swallow; she was in a most shocking condition. I never saw such an object in my life. The wounds were in a state of mortification." On the strength of this evidence, the Alderman felt justified in remanding Brownrigg, and issuing a warrant for the arrest of his wife and son. But Mrs. Brownrigg had taken alarm and fled, accompanied by her son John. The most diligent search failed to supply any clue to her whereabouts, so the overseers of St. Dunstan's parish issued a proclamation offering a reward of ten guineas for any information which would lead to her apprehension. In this proclamation Elizabeth Brownrigg was described as "a middle-sized, slim woman, of a swarthy complexion, near fifty years of age." A further reward of ten guineas was offered for any tidings of her son John, described as "a youth of pale complexion, dark hair, very slim, about nineteen years of age." But the proffered reward brought no intelligence of either mother or son.

A few days later the affair assumed a tragic aspect, for Mary Clifford died in the hospital on Sunday, August 9, and, as the surgeons who made the post-mortem examination were unanimously of opinion that the girl's death had been directly caused by the barbarous and brutal treatment which she had received at the hands of her mistress, the coroner's jury brought in a verdict of "Wilful murder" against Elizabeth and James Brownrigg and their son

John. The reward for the apprehension of Mrs. Brownrigg was increased to fifty guineas, and a hue and cry was raised after her, which at last culminated in her arrest. She and her son, after disguising themselves, had taken places in the Dover coach, but learning that the officers of justice were out after them, took alarm, sacrificed their fares, and secreted themselves in Nightingale Lane, East Smithfield, where they remained till Tuesday, August 11. They were tracked so far by the police, but when the constables arrived the birds had flown, and all further trace of their movements was lost. A few days later, however, a man who kept a chandler's shop in Wandsworth, after reading carefully the description of the fugitives given in the proclamation, bethought him that certain lodgers of his bore a suspicious resemblance to Mrs. Brownrigg and her son. It was true that his lodgers passed as man and wife, but the husband was so very much the younger of the two that the worthy chandler suspected that there was something mysterious about the relationship. He confided his suspicions to the police, and the result was that Mrs. Brownrigg and her son John were arrested and lodged in Newgate. Here Mrs. Brownrigg at once developed alarming symptoms. She had constant fits, she went into violent convulsions, she refused all nourishment, and had to be watched day and night lest she should make away with herself, and so forestall the hangman, to whose hands the excited and indignant public had already consigned her.

As fresh details of the abominations practised by this woman upon her apprentice girls came to light the interest in the case increased, until it reached an extraordinary pitch. In all classes of society the one topic of the hour was the devilish cruelty of this atrocious wretch, whose cold-blooded, deliberate barbarity surpassed anything that the annals of crime had to show. And yet, strange to say, the woman herself bore a very high character for gentleness, humanity, and good nature. It was quite as much her reputation for these qualities as her professional skill which had induced the Guardians of St. Dunstan's to appoint her the parish midwife, and scores of poor women in the district bore testimony to her kindly and generous disposition. Moreover, both she and her husband were regarded as God-fearing folk, who maintained, at any rate, the outward show of religion, and were, to all appearances, devout, church-going Christians. The most lucrative part of Mrs. Brownrigg's business, however, it transpired, was hardly consistent with her strict religious principles. Her house was, in fact, a private lying-in establishment, where young women who had got into trouble came to rid themselves of the consequences of their folly. It was said that even ladies of high position had been known to avail themselves of Mrs. Brownrigg's services. It was now darkly hinted that Mrs. Brownrigg not only attended to the lying-in of her clients, but that she also undertook to dispose of the children after birth, and a sensational rumour gained credence, to the effect that this cruel woman had put scores of infants to death in order to remove for ever all traces of the shame of their unfortunate mothers. But, as we have seen in the case of Frederick Deeming, there is always a disposition to credit any notorious criminal with a host of crimes over and above those which he or she has been proved to have committed. And we may as well state here that these charges of infanticide against Elizabeth Brownrigg were utterly unfounded, and that there was not the smallest shred of evidence ever produced to show that she had caused the death of a single one of the many infants born in her house. Moreover, she had been the mother of sixteen children herself, so that her maternal instincts had ample scope for cultivation and development. Nor was it even hinted that she had, like Mrs. Montagu, vented her natural lust for cruelty upon her own offspring under the disguise of "dutiful correction," and tortured their bodies on the plea that she was benefiting their souls. Hypocrite and monster as Elizabeth Brownrigg was, she did not go to quite such a length as the lady whose case drew a recommendation for mercy from a Belfast jury. With all her taste for torture, Mrs. Brownrigg drew the line at her own children.

On September 12, 1767, the Brownriggs, father, mother, and son, were put on their trial for the murder of Mary Clifford, before the Recorder of London and Mr. Justice Hewett. Although the proceedings commenced at the early hour of eight in the morning, the court was crowded in every part, and outside a dense mob filled the courtyard and overflowed into the street. All three were included in the indictment for murder, but there was no evidence that James Brownrigg had ever touched the deceased, and, though the son John was proved to have whipped the girl on three or four occasions by the order of his mother, these whippings had taken place before July 31, and as, according to the testimony of the surgeons, the girl's death was due to the injuries she had received from her mistress on that fatal day, both father and son were held not to be accessories to the murder. The whole interest of the trial, therefore, centred in Elizabeth Brownrigg. There is a portrait of her extant as she appeared in court, which represents her as elegantly attired in a fashionable gown and becoming gipsy hat. Her figure was graceful, her hands singularly small and well shaped, and her face, with its large liquid eyes and regular features, would have been pronounced decidedly attractive, but for a hard, cruel expression about the mouth.

The evidence brought to light a most appalling catalogue of cruelties. Mrs. Brownrigg, it appeared, had had three of these unfortunate girls as apprentices, for each of whom she was paid a sum of £5. The first on whom she tried her system of torture was Mary Jones, a girl from the Foundling Hospital, aged 15. But her treatment of Mary Jones was mildness itself compared with that to which the other two were subjected. Jones was simply "corrected" after this

Mrs. Brownrigg in Newgate.
From an Old Engraving.

fashion: She was tied naked upon the backs of two chairs and whipped till her mistress's arm was tired. She slept in a hole under a dresser in the bedroom occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Brownrigg. Early one Sunday morning, as she lay smarting from the effects of a recent whipping, she peered out of her hole and spied the key of the street-door hanging on a nail on the bed-post. Her master and mistress were sound asleep, so she stole softly to the bed, took down the key, let herself out, and made her escape to the Foundling. She told her tale to the authorities, but Brownrigg quieted them by refunding the five pounds paid for apprenticing her, with a similar amount to the girl herself, and the matter was hushed up.

Mary Mitchell's story was a far more horrible one, and created a profound sensation in court. She told how Mrs. Brownrigg used to strip her stark naked and fasten her up in the kitchen to the water-pipe, which went across the ceiling, with her hands drawn up above her head. Having secured her in that attitude, Mrs. Brownrigg would lash her

with a riding-whip, and would not leave off till she had drawn the blood in such quantities that it made a pool upon the floor. This process would be repeated often two or three times a day. In the summer-time Mr. and Mrs. Brownrigg were in the habit of going out of town on the Saturday to a suburban house of their own, where they stayed till the Monday morning. During their absence Mary Mitchell and Mary Clifford, having been first soundly whipped till their bodies were bathed in blood, were locked up naked in a dark hole under the staircase, and there left, with two hunks of dry bread and not a drop even of water to drink until their master and mistress returned. Then they were dragged out, whipped again, and after that compelled to go about the house naked and do the domestic drudgery. Not content with this, Mrs. Brownrigg, on finding that Mary Clifford had had the audacity to try and break the door of a cupboard, to obtain some food, adopted still sterner measures of correction. The girl was fastened to a jack-chain, one part of which was put round her neck, and the other secured to the yard-door as tightly as possible without choking her. She was chained naked to the yard-door all day, and only loosed at night, when she was taken into the dark cellar, with her hands tied behind her and the chain still round her neck, to lie without a stitch of clothes or covering on her upon the cold, damp floor. On the fatal Friday, when Mary Clifford received the injuries which caused her death, Mrs. Brownrigg was particularly exasperated with her because she was slow and lazy over her household duties! Consequently, the miserable girl was whipped savagely at intervals of two or three hours throughout the day, till the blood gushed in torrents from her wounds, and, with her back and shoulders all raw and bleeding, was made to go through her work naked. When the examining counsel for the prosecution asked:

"Did she not cry when her mistress whipped her?"

The answer of Mary Mitchell was:

"Yes; but my mistress used to say the more we cried the more she would beat us, and so we tried to stop it, though sometimes we could not help crying; but Mary Clifford cried out but very little."

Never, we may safely say, was a more dreadful, sickening, horrible tale of fiendish cruelty told in any court of law as that to which the judge and jury and public listened through that long September day in the Old Bailey.

When called upon for her defence, Elizabeth Brownrigg, with perfect composure, and in a clear voice, said, "I did give her several lashes, but with no design of killing her. She fell on the stairs when carrying a saucepan, and, the handle striking her, caused her neck and face to swell. I poulticed her neck three times, and bathed the place, and put three plasters to her shoulders. I did my best for her, and it was through no fault of mine that she died."

Many respectable witnesses came forward to give Mrs. Brownrigg a good character for kindness and humanity, but the jury found her guilty, and the judge sentenced her to death. When the verdict was announced to the mob outside, they set up such a cheer as made the walls of the Old Bailey ring again, and it was noted that at the sound Elizabeth Brownrigg's face, which had hitherto shown no trace of emotion, went as white as a sheet, and she almost fainted in the dock.

Two days later she was driven to Tyburn in the hangman's cart, and thousands of people lined the route, hooting and yelling at her, and expressing in the most brutal fashion their delight at seeing her meet the fate which she so richly deserved. She had previously made a full confession to the chaplain of Newgate, in which she declared that she had for some time treated the girls with great tenderness and humanity, but her heart became unaccountably hardened, and her first act of cruelty was to cut short their allowance of food—starve them, in fact—and then exact from them extra work beyond their strength, their failure to accomplish which gave her the excuse of punishing them for idleness. Of course, she died, as all great criminals profess to die—truly penitent and assured of a reception into heaven! She trod the scaffold firmly, and, though the execrations and yells of the ruffianly mob made her tremble for a moment, she recovered her nerve, and, with a prayer on her lips, passed into eternity. Her body was conveyed in a hackney-coach to Surgeons' Hall for dissection, and the skeleton was afterwards placed in one of the niches of the Great Hall, where, for all we know to the contrary, it may be yet.

James and John Brownrigg were tried a month later for assaulting and ill-using Mary Mitchell, and were found guilty, but recommended to mercy, on the ground, we presume, that they acted under the influence of the strong-willed mother and wife. They escaped with the moderate punishment of six months' imprisonment, after which they had to enter into recognisances to be of good behaviour for seven years.

So ended the celebrated case of the Brownriggs, which, for the credit of human nature, we are glad to say, has never been surpassed, or even quite equalled, for diabolical and deliberate cruelty.

"It Shonna Lig Upon Me."

AT Clarborough, near East Retford, in the County of Nottingham, there resided in 1815 a farmer of the name of Francis Wells. During this man's absence at Retford Fair, his house was burglariously entered by one John Hemstock, alias Black, a youth of nineteen, who murdered a boy named James Snell, whom he found in charge of the premises.

The deceased lad had had his throat cut and money had been stolen out of Mr. Wells's desk. Certain circumstances clearly indicated the guilt of Hemstock, who was convicted on the most direct evidence, although the prisoner persisted in denying the fact, and endeavoured to inculpate a man named William Lee. As the culprit was retiring from the bar at the conclusion of the trial, he exclaimed: "I shall dee soon, and this shonna lig upon me—it shonna lig upon me—William Lee killed the boy, and it shonna lig upon me!"

The miserable youth, the night before his execution, confessed his guilt, and fully exonerated Lee. On the scaffold he was fairly resigned to his fate, and said that when he went to rob the house he had not the least intention of committing murder, but that on his demanding from the boy the key of a desk, the "lad was saucy," and irritated him so greatly as to induce the committal of the deed.

Until quite recently, the skeleton of this criminal, hung on wires, was still to be seen in a good state of preservation at the Nottingham General Hospital.

An Obstinate Murderer.

NOTHING would induce John Fenton, a blacksmith, who was tried for and found guilty of the murder of Charles Spenser, at Walkeringham, near Gainsborough, to confess that he was indeed the guilty man.

The crime was committed in a dark road near a large haystack, and was perpetrated from motives of robbery. The body of the murdered man—he had been shot and his throat cut—was found in a ditch at the side of the road on March 7, 1860, and the evidence strongly implicated Fenton, who had run through a considerable fortune with the aid of his improvident and intemperate habits.

Although the crime was clearly brought home to him, Fenton would not acknowledge the justice of his sentence, and to the last he professed to know the name of the assassin, although he obstinately refused to say who it was. His last words were: "I have acknowledged all to God. I pledged my word not to say who it was, and I would rather not do it." Under these circumstances, it was considered best not to administer the sacrament to the condemned man, who met his fate with great firmness.

Awfully Simple.

A VERY fashionable wearer of the wig and gown, who shall be nameless, was once conducting the defence of a prisoner charged with a very serious offence.

He was a rather languid gentleman at all times, and in this particular instance he carried his studied indifference to an almost absurd length.

"My lord," he said to the judge, with a smile of superiority, "the best of my client's defence is this—it is so awfully simple."

Here the opposing counsel—it was Mr. Frith—intervened. "Yes," he remarked drily, "and the worst of your client's defence is this—it is so simply awful!"

The Reasons of Hanging Judges.

JUSTICE HEATH, a well-known hanging judge, used to hang in all capital cases, because he knew of no good secondary punishments. He said: "If you imprison at home, the criminal is soon thrown upon you again, hardened in guilt. If you transport, you corrupt infant societies, and sow the seeds of atrocious crimes over the habitable globe. There is no regenerating of felons in this life, and for their own sake as well as for the sake of society I think it better to hang."

Justice Buller, another noted hanging judge, was said to hang for sheep-stealing because he had several sheep stolen from his own flock. Once when sitting in the Crown Court at Gloucester he asked an untruthful witness from what part of the county he came, and on being told, "From Bitton, my lord," he exclaimed, "You do seem to be of the Bitton breed, but I thought I had hanged the whole of that parish long ago."

Real Crimes on the Stage.

MELODRAMA minus a murder would be like "Hamlet" with the Prince of Denmark conspicuous by his absence. It is expected of the villain that he shall perpetrate any number of crimes throughout the five acts from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter, and a virtuous pit and a moral gallery demand that he shall accomplish these with impunity, until Nemesis tracks him down in the last few moments of the play.

But those crimes and criminals are, of course, evolved out of the author's brain. They have never really existed. This article refers rather to crimes of real life which have been reproduced on the stage. Truth is proverbially stranger than fiction, and it is not astonishing that many dramatic authors have turned to real facts for the sources of their inspiration. In the old days, any sensational murder which happened in or near a country town was seized upon for theatrical representation, and was played with more or less success by those strolling Thespians whose lines were cast in such pleasant places as booths and portables. Great liberties were, of course, taken with the real facts, and the incidents were made as bloodthirsty as possible in order to frighten and yet delight the "penny and the two-penny" audiences.

I have in my possession a badly-printed programme of an entertainment of this kind at Rochester, on October 22, 1839. The "pièce de résistance" of the evening was entitled "The Downward Path," and illustrated the nefarious career of the "late Mr. Greenacre," who had been hanged just two years previously. The great scene was "The execution of Greenacre," with an "exact representation of the scaffold upon which that human tiger suffered death." The murder of Mr. Westwood in Prince's Street, Leicester Square, in 1839—the criminal was never discovered—was also the theme of a melodrama written by one John Lenton, and was played at many of the travelling theatres, whose circuit extended from Camberwell, in the south, to Holloway, in the north.

"The Demon Barber of Fleet Street"—reference, of course, being made to the fictitious Sweeney Todd—was for long a standing dish at these perambulating playhouses, and is still done occasionally at booths under the title of "The String of Pearls." The great scene was the barber's shop, containing a trick chair. The unfortunate victim would take his seat therein preparatory to a shave, and the trap would open and precipitate him to a dark dungeon, presumably, beneath the stage. "Ha! ha!" Sweeney would exclaim, brandishing a long and formidable razor. "And now to polish him off!" The rest was not left altogether to the imagination of the audience. The Demon Barber would himself descend through the trap, and sepulchral groans would issue suggestive of the "polishing-off" process for a few moments, and then—ominous silence! The bodies of these prematurely dead were converted, in the play, into pies at the shop over the way!

A play called "The Gamblers" was produced at the Surrey Theatre in 1824. It was written round the murder of William Weare by John Thurtell, and a feature of the production was the "real and original and genuine gig in which the murderer drove his victim down to the scene of the crime." I believe this drama was interdicted at the time of the trial, upon the representations of the counsel for the defence; but it was reproduced elsewhere with marked success after the execution and ran, spasmodically, for some years.

"Burke and Hare" were the heroes of many a drama round about the Scotch circuit after the discovery of their frightful crimes. A great feature was always made of the character of "Daft Jamie," who was generally brought to life again and restored to his mother by some process of the author's in the last act. "The Resurrectionists" was the title of a rather similar "tragedy," founded upon the murder of an Italian boy by Bishop and Williams, a little later, and this was originally seen at a small wooden theatre in Hackney close to the spot—Nova Scotia Gardens—where this murder was effected.

"The Red Barn" has been played thousands of times all over England, Scotland and Wales. The murder of Maria Marten by the depraved Corder has been the subject of any number of dramas, and is often played at even respectable theatres at the present day. Mr. Lionel Ellis, the well-known actor-manager, regards it as his trump-card, and it is always a certain "draw." The play is generally worked with a ghost illusion, and a great feature is made of Mrs. Marten's dream. Corder is usually presented as a hero rather than a murderer—for what purpose is not clear. He makes long and impassioned speeches, and even when he cuts the throat of the miserable Maria, he does not altogether alienate the sympathies of the audience.

George Barnwell may or may not be a myth. I can find no trace of him in criminal literature. He is, however, popularly supposed to have killed his uncle at Camberwell at some date or other unknown, and this mysterious murder has been made the subject of a play. It was somewhat of the "goody-goody" type, and Barnwell sermonised throughout it at great length. In Act III. he shoots his avuncular relative in his own garden, for which unfriendly act he gets hanged in Act V. But he preaches to the audience to the very end, and must have been altogether a very tiresome person

The mysterious poison murder in New York, for which Roland B. Molyneaux was tried thrice and acquitted—a case which we hope shortly to place before our readers—was made the subject of a play; and so, many years ago, was the "Murder at the Roadside Inn," of which Jonathan Bradford was the hero. "The Lyons Mail" everyone knows to have been founded upon a great French criminal case, and the "Dumb Man of Manchester" had some foundation in fact. Mr. Morton Powell was, I venture to think, indebted to this last for the plot of his "Greed of Gold," an exciting drama which has had some success in the provinces.

Similarly, Mr. Guy Logan took the murder of Benwell by Birchall in Canada as the subject of a play he wrote, entitled "Lovers of Darkness," which did not, however, meet with the success which the author, no doubt, thought it deserved, a fact which I am sure he will forgive me for recording!

A drama on the subject of Ned Kelly, the famous Australian bushranger, was, comparatively recently, produced for copyright purposes, but I have not heard of it since. I may add in this connection that a sister of this desperado appeared on the stage of a certain theatre—in a "thinking" part—on the very night that her brother was executed.

The assassination of one of the Russian Czars has also been made the subject of a stage play, and a political drama was once written round the murder of Marat, in his bath, by that early specimen of the new woman, Charlotte Corday.

It is not at all likely to be generally known that Jack the Ripper's terrible deeds in the East End of London of 1888-89 were, more or less faithfully, represented on the boards. A French dramatic author leaped at the idea of "adapting" the ferocious Jack, and the play was produced—at the Ambigu, was it?—in Paris in the spring of 1890. "Jacques" was in the play treated quite as a popular hero, who was employed to commit these atrocious crimes by a secret society.

It has happened that fiction has anticipated fact, and that a crime is interwoven with a drama, which is afterwards realised in actual life. An instance of this may be quoted in a little play recently produced in London, called "At the Telephone." A man hears the murder of his wife and child through the 'phone, and is powerless to render them any aid. He hears his wife speaking to a tramp at the door, and she tells him that the vagrant has forced his

way into the house. He listens to her unavailing prayer that the murderous ruffian will spare the life of her child, and hears the blows struck and the fall of a body. The agony that a man would suffer under such circumstances was splendidly produced by the actor, and the playlet was much admired, although several critics alluded to the improbability of the incident. Yet it was not very long ago since we heard of a man—in America it was—ringing up a friend to inform him, on the telephone, that he was about to commit suicide. The listener treated the threat as a joke, but the next instant he heard, through the receiver, the sound of a pistol-shot, and knew that the man at the other end had been in grim earnest.

"Jim, the Penman," has, of course, been converted into a stage "hero." Saward was the real name of this clever forger, who was tried and convicted in 1857, and it may be added that the chief incidents in "Captain Swift" were founded upon facts.

Margaret Catchpole's story has been made the subject of a stage play, and there have been innumerable versions of Dick Turpin and Jack Sheppard, while Claude Duval has not been altogether neglected.

Mr. John Lawson's sketch, "Humanity"—in which a virtuous Jew and a villainous Gentile engage in a life-and-death struggle, and hurl grand pianos, inter alia, at one another—was founded upon the notorious Northumberland Street incident of some years ago, when an ex-army officer and a solicitor named Roberts battered at each other in a desperate encounter for some hours.

The Judge's Command to Counsel.

A YOUNG barrister in Liverpool was once stating a case to Justice Archibald at the Liverpool Nisi Prius Court, St. George's Hall, and the judge, being an acute, vigorous, and learned man, grew somewhat tired of the monotone in which the counsel was putting the matter before him and the jury. He grew very restless, and at last was evidently displeased, as he no doubt thought that his dignity required a grander and more impressive and striking tone. So he suddenly dismayed the poor young barrister, than whom no man could be less ambitious to burn in the forum, by throwing himself back in his chair, and saying, "Declaim, sir; why don't you declaim? Speak to me as if I were a popular assembly."

A Good Hint to the Judge.

WHEN Sir C. Creswell was on the bench he was in the habit of using a very haughty and contemptuous tone towards counsel, and one day, while taking down notes of a witness's evidence, had occasion to frequently call out, as judges often do, to the counsel to "Stop," so that he might have time to bring up his notes of the witness's evidence. He called out "Stop!" so frequently and so offensively, and, as was generally thought, so unnecessarily, that at last counel went on without taking the slightest notice of it. The judge then addressed the barrister by name, and complained that he went on too fast, and did not give time to take the evidence down in writing, and asked if he did not hear the call to stop. To which the counsel blandly retorted, "Oh, my lord, I thought your lordship had been calling to the usher of the court!"

The Judge Was Polite.

IT was customary at the Old Bailey a century ago to sentence the whole of the prisoners found guilty at the sessions at one time, and on one occasion it fell to the lot of Baron Graham, a judge noted for his extreme politeness of manner and speech, to perform this duty, and he accordingly went through the list with due solemnity, but omitted one person brought up for sentence. The judge was just on the point of leaving the court when he was reminded by the officer that he had forgotten to sentence one prisoner, whereupon he gravely remarked, "Oh, I am sure I beg John Jones's pardon! He must be transported for life."

When He Cried.

WHEN Justice Ellenborough, who was a noted hanging judge, once was at a representation of the Beggar's Opera, he was seen to be weeping copiously, and this is the only time he was ever known to shed tears. It turned out afterwards that he was crying because Macheath had been reprieved in the opera!

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DAINTY NOVELS
ONE PENNY WEEKLY.

Leaves from Our Notebook.

Execution of Four Robbers.

FOUR men, named Pendrill, Townsend, Cook, and Anderson, were hanged together at Nottingham on March 23, 1785. It was in connection with the trial of those ruffians for highway robbery that Mr. Justice Heath, whose severity as a judge was proverbial, in passing sentence of death upon them, said emphatically, "I will cause the law to be executed with such sternness as shall enable any gentleman to hang his watch by the wayside, with the full confidence of finding it there on his return another day."

On the day of execution they all—with the exception of Pendrill, who was a Catholic—received the sacrament from the hands of the chaplain of the gaol, and paid deep attention to his exhortations. When this solemnity was over, they went to the block in the debtors' yard to have their irons knocked off, and then repaired to their cells to put on their shrouds. They were then seated on a form, and the hangman, whose name is not recorded, affixed a rope round the neck of each. Having drunk a glass of sherry apiece, they ascended the cart outside, but it was some minutes ere the procession could set out, owing to the prodigious concourse of spectators. Anderson, on being interrogated, protested his innocence of the robbery; but Cook, Pendrill, and Townsend, on the other hand, acknowledged the justice of their sentence, and addressed the surrounding multitude, desiring that they would not reproach their wives and children on account of their own ignominious end. The crowd maintained a solemn silence, and the predominating impression was one of commiseration for the unhappy culprits.

Not one of the four appeared to suffer much pain, and the quadruple execution was carried out promptly—for those days—and with all possible decorum.

A Judge's Vindictiveness.

WHEN Hone, the bookseller and publisher, had been acquitted on his first trial for blasphemy, Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough was told of the fact, and, on hearing it, though he was very feeble and fast approaching dissolution, his energy was revived, and he swore that he would preside on the bench next day himself, so that conviction might be certain and the insulted law might be vindicated. He accordingly appeared in court pale and hollow-eyed, but with an unbroken spirit. As he took his place on the bench, Hone shouted out to him, "I am glad to see you, my Lord Ellenborough! I know what you are come here for; I know what you want." "I am come to do justice," replied the noble and learned lord; "my only wish is to see justice done."

"Is it not rather, my lord," said Hone, "to send a poor bookseller to rot in a dungeon?"

The Chief Justice was greatly mortified to hear the words "Not guilty!" pronounced, followed by a tremendous burst of applause which he could not even attempt to quell. Bishop Turner, who was present at the trial, and accompanied the Chief Justice home in his carriage, related that all the way he laughed at the tumultuous mob which followed him, and said that he was "afraid of their saliva, not of their bite." Passing Charing Cross, he pulled the check-string, and said, "It just occurs to me that they sell the best red herrings at this shop of any in London; buy six."

REPLIES TO QUERIES

BRADLEY.—No. There has been no Logan hanged—as yet—that we know of.

UNDESERVED.—Glad that you appreciate it. As you say, quite the standard work on crime.

T. P. B.—Yes. John Grant, hanged in '66 for the brutal murder of a boy, was a soldier. We will give this crime soon, also the other you refer to.

LANGHURST.—Yes. In 1867. Jas. Langhurst was hanged for the brutal murder of a child. Why should you change your name? Probably forgotten now.

JOE (Tregantle Fort).—Cannot understand your letter. You don't say what statement you refer to, so how can you expect us to give you an answer? Let us know, and we will try to reply to you in this column.

V. COWPER.—There is a legend that a ballet-girl was found murdered many years ago in one of the dressing-rooms of Drury Lane Theatre, and we have been shown a "haunted room," the scene of the supposed crime. What foundation there is for this story we do not know. Ask Arthur Collins.

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